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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 112.—Vol. IX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 24, 1906 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Lilian, Duchess of Marlborough and her son, Master William Beresford

No. 112.—Vol. IX.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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VOL. VIII.

The Bystander

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

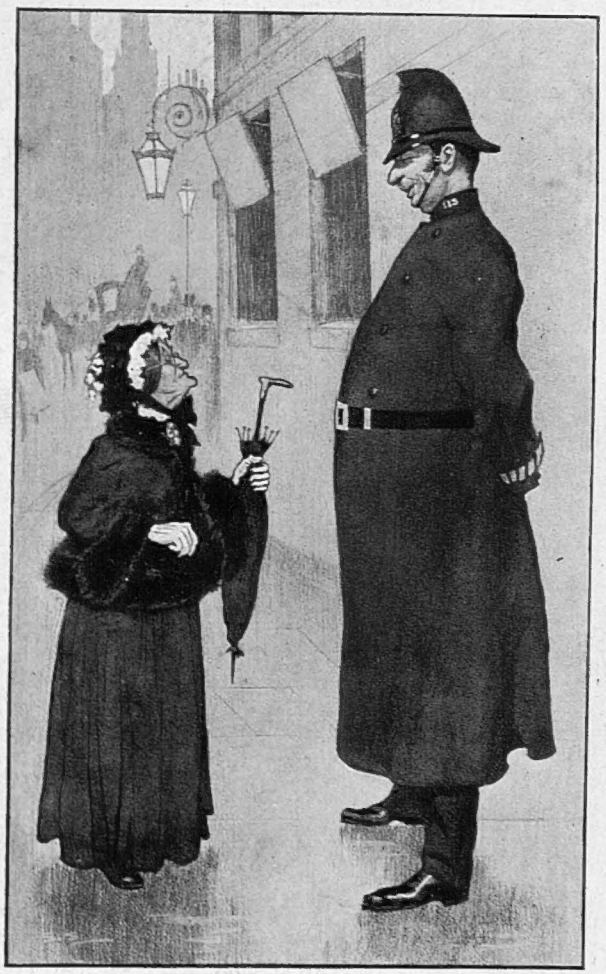
To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

London:
Wednesday
January 24, 1906

The clubs, even the clubs where politics are rarely discussed, are full of the General Ejection—and certainly the practical annihilation of the Tory forces, with the exception of Birmingham, where Mr. Chamberlain scored an immense personal triumph, is the most staggering event in our political annals. What is the reason for it all? Attempts at explanation are being made in all quarters, but even when you have allowed that Free Trade, Chinese Labour, unpopularity of the Conservative Government, which outstayed its welcome, plus the swing of the pendulum, you don't explain satisfactorily the situation. Defeat one could anticipate, bad defeat one could even understand, but this extraordinary cataclysm seems to defy any ordinary explanation. Consider what it all means. For twenty years one political party has been supreme in the State; in almost twenty hours it scarcely exists.

* * *

The trend of opinion seems to be that the working-man has at length realised the democratic nature of our Constitution, and he has for the first time voted unanimously against Conservatism. His tendency, indeed, is towards the other extreme, and since the working-man vote amounts to something like five-sixths of the total electorate, people are asking how long it will be before Liberalism is overwhelmed as Conservatism has been. Liberalism will not for long satisfy the men who have made up the balance of the huge Liberal and Labour majorities, and even extreme Radicalism is unlikely to be preferred by the proletariat to Labour Members who frankly place the concerns of labour before the consideration of the welfare of the nation.



Pity the Poll-iceman!

(*Heard outside a polling-booth at a suburban election*)

OLD LADY: "Policeman, where is it they're 'olding this Liberal party? They say such a many people's gone over to it, and I thought, maybe, I might see a bit o' the fun for myself"

Sympathy is felt with certain Conservative candidates on a singular misfortune which befell them recently. It appears that just when their chances seemed worth considering, they received the assistance of the Tariff Reform League.

* * *

The Winter Sales are now on. Many Conservative candidates have been sold.

* * *

The chief political question of the day—"You didn't happen to see a Tory about anywhere, did you?"

* * *

A contemporary states that in America, millionaires sometimes find their wives in telephone girls. For the girls, it is thus a case of ring off to ring on.

* * *

The prize of One Guinea for the most humorous incident of the present election campaign has been gained by Mr. Joseph W. Cowles, 37, Broadway, Stratford, E., for the following:—

"*Why* should we slave year after year for them aristocrats? putting thousands into their pockets. They 'as 'ave never done a day's work in their lives."

This was said by a voter with Socialistic views to a small crowd outside an overflow meeting in (North) West Ham.

"Well! what is it you want?" interrupted an onlooker.

"Give us back the land; let us work for ourselves, each man for himself, I says."

"It would never answer," rejoined the other. "You couldn't exist on it a week."

"Oh, yes, we could; it has been done before, so can be done again," exclaimed the first speaker.

"Bosh! Give us an example."

"Well, what about Robinson Crusoe?"

This retort upset the gravity of the crowd, and dispersed it.

We have been asked to give publicity to the following :—

THE *Daily Wail* AND THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Special arrangements have been made (for the next General Election) *whereby our readers will be enabled to learn the results of the elections.* And there will be *no need* for you to hang on to your chimney-stack to look out for flashes of light. As the results are announced they will be wired to our representative IN FRONT OF YOUR WINDOW. He will be well supplied with half bricks and whole ones. *These he will fling, one by one, through your windows.*

A HALF BRICK REPRESENTS A DOT.

A BRICK REPRESENTS A DASH.

(*Say this over until you can repeat it backwards.*)

If you have gone to bed, write a notice to that effect on your door, and the bricks will be thrown through the upper windows.

If, however, you prefer the flash-light system, you have only to inform us, and, by means of our special methods, you may be kept informed of the results

WITHOUT LEAVING YOUR HOUSE.

In the event, then, of your electing to learn the election figures by means of our special flash-light system, the results, as they come to hand, will be wired to one of our corps of incendiaries who will be stationed near your residence, and he will at once set to work to place you in possession of the last election intelligence.

A BEDROOM ON FIRE REPRESENTS A DOT.

A DINING OR DRAWING-ROOM ON FIRE REPRESENTS A DASH.

You may object that, as your house is small, the limited number of rooms preclude a very extensive message. But we would point out that a long message would be wasted, as long before we had made a dot you would have made a dash—for the street.

* * *

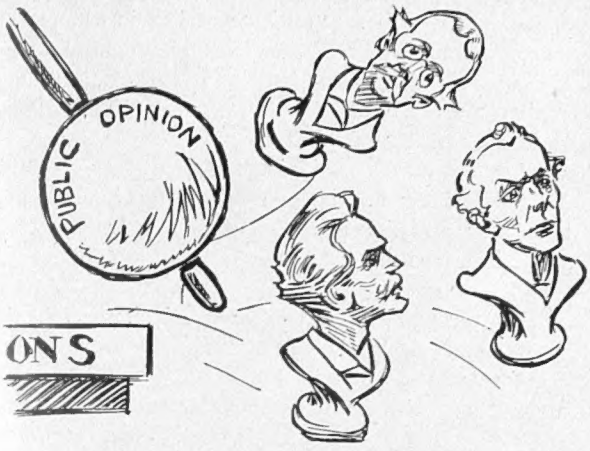
The nine-year-old son of Mr. Henry Norman recently addressed a meeting on his father's behalf, and took occasion to apologise for the fact that he did not know how to make a speech. But what, we venture to ask—and we put the question as the result of personal experience—has the ability to make a speech got to do with a political meeting?

A. : "I can't make out why you ever invited the man to your house?"

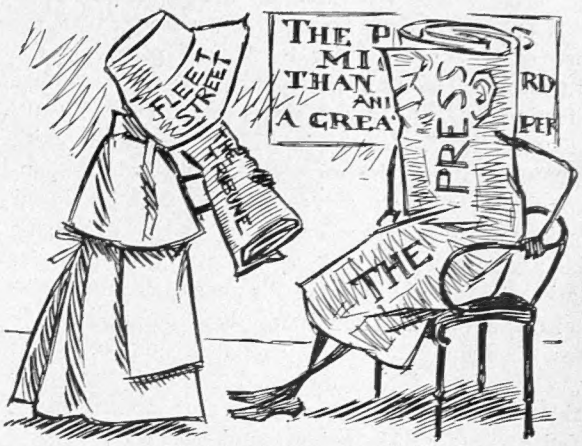
B. : "But, my dear fellow, I didn't dream it was my daughter he was going to run away with, I thought it was my wife"

DRAWN BY B. KRONSTRAND

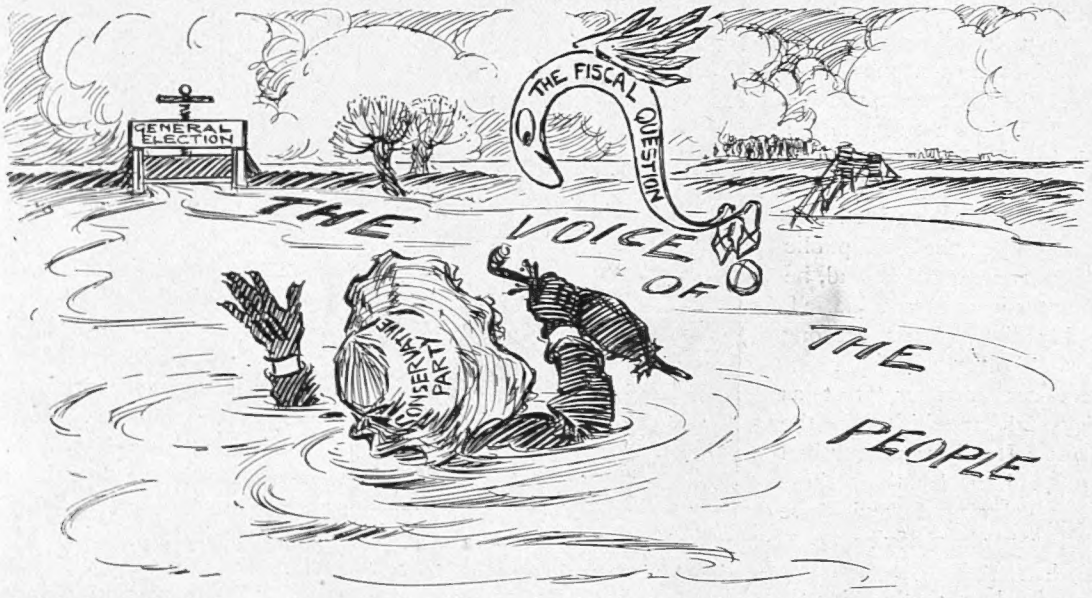
The Topictator



The Swing of the Pendulum
And some of the ornaments it upset



Yet another
PATERFAMILIAS: "Well, nurse, what is it?"
THE NURSE: "A lovely Liberal, sir"

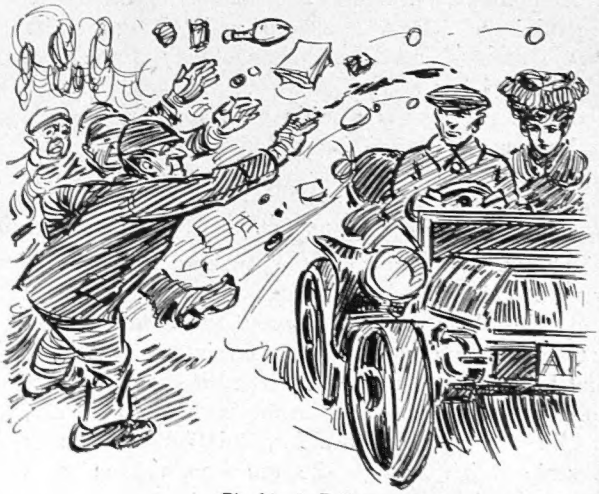


Help! Help!!

THE FISCAL QUESTION: "I say, I'm most awfully sorry. I'm afraid I've been larking with the sluice gate"

Well, really!

LADY CANVASSER: "And you promise faithfully to vote for Sir James, Majo-? Now that's simply too sweet of you. I'm strongly tempted to follow the example of—he! he!—a certain famous duchess"



Pinchbeck Policy

While passing through Pinchbeck, a few miles from Spalding, Mr. Pollock, K.C., who is contesting that division, accompanied by Mrs. Pollock, was pelted with mud, bricks, stones, and a soda-water bottle

Round the Town

The artist man has made a sketch of G. P. Huntley, as "Mr. Popple" (of Ippleton). You will find it on page 171. Huntley's fame is now a matter of some three or four years. Prior to that he played in the provinces. There is no reason to suppose that directly he stepped on the boards of a London theatre he was inspired. No, he played his "dude" part with the deliberation, the minuteness, the sublime unconsciousness he was wont to exert before a provincial audience. He did not wake to find himself famous, for the reason that he had no opportunity of sleeping during the interval between his appearance upon the stage and his reception by the London public. He was famous before the fall of the curtain. That very evening, during the *entr'actes* and at supper tables, hundreds of tongues wagged upon the subject of the new star. He woke to find himself not famous, but more famous.

Some circumstances tend to make men ironical. One of these must, surely, be slight delay on the part of Dame Fortune before she opens the gate upon a man's "arrival." It does not require the appreciation of a London audience to reveal to a man his own greatness. This is his own particular secret, and when the mad public begins to trumpet it abroad, he must mutter ironically to himself, "You silly idiots, I knew that long before you did."

There are men as great as Huntley still languishing in the provinces. If this paragraph had not exceeded the length of these particular columns, I would give them a few words of advice.

* * *

Mr. Sydney Bowkett, author of *The Superior Miss Pellender*, is greatly daring. He has written a play which contains but six characters, and of these four are children. The difficulties of maintaining interest in the sayings and doings of an elderly bachelor, a widow, and her four children, need not be insisted upon. The result is as thin as it promised to be, and not even Mr. Cyril Maude, Miss Winifred Emery, and Miss Beatrice Ferrar (the "Superior" one), could pad out the figure of the play to proper proportions. But Mr. Bowkett has two faculties which go far towards the making of a playwright. He has a keen observation for character and writes dialogue most happily. Some day he will set to work on a story of more robust proportions, and I for one will not be surprised if his play prove to be of the kind that sets an interested, but ignorant, public guessing about royalties, and allotting them on a scale which would take the breath even of a successful dramatist.

* * *

That cosy little theatre, the New Royalty, is drawing the town, thanks to the very varied and excellent programme provided by our French friends. *Le Paon* is a "precious" bit of work which finds no equivalent on the English stage, perhaps because the literary drama advocated by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is yet to be. But it served to introduce two most capable players, M. de Féraudy and Mlle. Marie Leconte (I was nearly writing Tempest, on such similar lines do the two Maries exert their charm) It is difficult for an actor to breathe reality into a play so purely artificial as *Le Paon*, but this M. de Féraudy continues to do in such a manner that play and its puppet characters are suddenly galvanised into life.

* * *

The musical event of the week has been the performance, for the first time, of Sir Charles Stanford's Symphony in E, No. 6, "the life-work of a great artist," at the London Symphony Concerts at Queen's Hall. Needless to say, the work has met with general favour. Stanford, if a composer of a less sensational cleverness than Elgar, is master of a really pure, semi-classical style, in which he makes full use of Irish folk-themes, treated very much in the style of Brahms. The "great artist" to whom the symphony is dedicated is George Frederick Watts, and Sir Charles Stanford sets forth in music the characteristics of his work. It is, I think, a novelty for a composer to admit inspiration from an artist. Hitherto the "heroes" in favour with musicians, for such treatment, have been soldiers such as Napoleon, from whom Beethoven drew inspiration for the "Eroica" Symphony; mythological characters, poets like Dante, and—quite latterly—Walt Whitman, and philosophers such as Nietzsche, who has moved Richard Strauss so forcibly. I do not see why a painter should not be an equally inspiring theme for musical treatment; but no more so than men of other types of genius. What should prevent the composer of the future paying tone-tribute to science in a "Kelvin" Concerto, or to politics in a "Burns" Fantasia, or a "Chamberlain" Overture?

M. Giuseppe Sacco

Who has just started upon a forty-five days' fast at Hengler's Italian Circus

* * *

M. Giuseppe Sacco, whose visiting-card proclaims him to be "The Famous Continental Fasting Man," is now in residence at Hengler's Italian Circus, where he occupies what the Germans call a *Hungerhaus*, namely, a room with glass sides, which allows spectators to examine him like a fish in an aquarium. His "fast" will last for forty-five days, and his sustenance during this period will consist of mineral waters, relieved by thirty cigarettes a day!

Contrary to one's expectations, M. Sacco is not weak-looking and anæmic, but a broad, well set-up Hungarian of forty, who, before he took up fasting as a profession, was in the Austrian Army, where his father was also a major.

Trials of a Canvasser in the General Ejection

Having to give a detailed explanation of his client's views to a deaf gentleman through an ear-trumpet

HECKLER *(in the cat's-meat line)*: "Wot's the good of me votin', I've voted for the last twenty years, and has Parliament done anything to improve my business. Not 'arf"

Always shake the voter heartily by the hand, no matter what his position; it inspires confidence

"What a beautiful child! How old? Two months! why it looks quite six. What a weight, too. What an angelic expression," etc.

There are occasions when sympathy becomes not only embarrassing but expensive. As far back as 1902 Mrs. Watt brought an action for libel against Lady Violet Beauchamp under circumstances which, doubtless, entitled her, if she succeeded at all, to exemplary damages. But when the jury awarded her £5,000 it was felt that their sympathy had carried them too far, and no one was astonished when this verdict was appealed against on the ground that the damages were excessive. The appeal was heard in 1903, again with an unexpected result, for the Court of Appeal, somewhat arbitrarily, reduced the damages to £1,500, instead of adopting the more usual course of ordering a new trial. This accordingly provoked a counter-appeal to the House of Lords, who decided that both the jury and the Court of Appeal were wrong, the former in giving such heavy damages, and the latter in usurping the functions of a jury, and ordered a repetition of the first act of the drama. This duly came off before Mr. Justice Bigham last week, and resulted in a verdict for Mrs. Watt for £2,000. If this had been the verdict in the first trial it would have been something worth having, but, considering the enormous costs of this protracted litigation, I fear that, as so often happens, the lawyers have got the oyster and Mrs. Watt will have to content herself with the shell. But the consequences of the first jury's kindness would not have been so disastrous if they had not been supplemented by a certain amount of judicial blundering.

A natural conclusion

ISAACS: "I hear poor Amos has lost his appendix"
JACOBS: "Really? Well, why didn't he settle it on his wife!"

* * *

Lily, Duchess of Marlborough (whose portrait appears as the frontispiece to this number), *née* Lily Price, of New York, has lived nothing if not a full life. Thrice married, she is said to have gained riches from Mr. Hammersley, her first husband; rank from the Duke of Marlborough, her second husband; and ideal domestic happiness from her third, Lord William Beresford. A most kind-hearted and clever woman, the Duchess has always been on the best of terms with her stepson, the Duke of Marlborough. For Blenheim Palace she did much before he entered into possession there, and all her alterations and decorations were carried out in the best possible taste. The new roof on this vast pile was put on by her. To her only son, familiarly known as "Bill Beresford"—who has been very delicate, but is now very strong and well—the Duchess is tenderly devoted, and she spends nearly all her time with him, usually wintering with him at Brighton for his health. The Duchess is a woman of great possessions—houses, pictures, plate, and jewels. At Deepdene, near Dorking, she entertains very delightfully, and is an immense favourite with her country neighbours.

* * *

The rumour that Prince Von Bülow is to be the Editor of "Moore's Almanack" is denied.

* * *

Lord Rosebery is at present out of town. It is not stated for what length of time the Liberal League will be away, but his return may be looked for shortly.

* * *

A French critic has recently stated that, of all the pictures in the American galleries of Old Masters, not one is more than ten years old. This estimate has naturally caused much consternation, for the young should, of course, respect the old, and Americans have consequently held these "antiques" in the highest esteem. On the other hand, a correspondent writes that the American type of old lady has become practically extinct. A débutante and her grandmother, both in pretty "frocks" and apparently equally enjoying themselves, must rather embarrass a young man's choice. The powers of one lady, however, known as Dame Nature, have been evidently quite superseded.

* * *

M. Fallières has been elected. He will, no doubt, make an efficient President, but he is certainly less interesting as a man than M. Doumer. Therefore, with due respect to the head of the State, I devote

A WORD WITH OUR READERS

Are you reading our Worldly Short Stories, one of which appears in every Number? Their object is to place before our readers life as it really is, not the insipid inane kind of existence one would imagine it to be, judging by the character of most contemporaneous publications. A story to be worth reading should make you pause and think. It should move you. It may irritate you, it may even revolt you. But the one moment's reflection it causes you will prove it has justified its end. The leading intellectual writers of the day are contributing to this series

Concerning French Presidential Candidates

this notice to the unsuccessful candidate. Owing to special opportunties, I have been able to get a deeper insight into the intimate life of M. Doumer, whom it is a pleasant task to depict in his true colours.

As a family man he bears a record reputation. He is one of the few who has never deceived his wife! Never? Never. The never, with only a dot after it looks sad; let me write it again with an exclamation. Never! It looks heroic. Think what it means in a city like Paris! "He is a god," say the men. "He has no temperament," say the women.

He married at twenty a charming girl of eighteen, who has developed into as charming a woman. And who will deny the influence of women in political campaigns, when they recall the illustrations of the candidates and their wives in an important paper? If it was an electioneering trick, it was a clever one, as to my certain knowledge it made M. Fallières lose twenty votes.

Photo *Nadar*

M. Doumer

Unsuccessful candidate in the French Presidential Elections

Married men appeal to M. Doumer. In fact, when Governor of Indo-China, he is said to have promoted more marriages, and furthered the cause of population to a far greater extent, than M. Piot in his crusade against unproductive citizens. It must be remembered, however, that in his capacity of Governor he had the facility of setting a premium on matrimony by awarding the most lucrative posts to married men. Whereas M. Piot did nothing but talk, M. Doumer is the happy father of eight children. In a country like Indo-China, it was really excellent policy to give positions of trust to family men. Only those who have been in these regions can form an idea of the temptations that beset the bachelor, and of the difference in the moral bearings of the married and the single.

A few years ago a clever series of articles appeared in a contemporary headed "Le Violon d'Ingres," wherein the author pointed out the importance great men have attached to their hobbies. How Ingres, who was a great painter, considered his scrapings on the fiddle more interesting than his "Source"; how musicians have imagined themselves painters; and poets have valued their scientific researches more than their finest poems. The "Violon d'Ingres" has since become an accepted term in the French language. I recall, in my small experience, M. Labbé, the celebrated surgeon, who was more proud of having made a small speech as a Senator than of the remarkable extrication of a fork from a man's throat. And M. Besuard, the painter, who loves to talk of himself as a sportsman, and is seen driving an overweighted pony-cart and scratching the paint off everything he meets.

Photo *Hutin, Trampus*

M. Fallières, the new French President, and Mme. Fallières

Paris: The Ex-President Over a Shop

M. Doumer's "Violon d'Ingres" is his horse-riding. He is prouder of an eighty or ninety kilomètre ride towards Saigon or Hanoi, when he returned as fresh as the morning, leaving his followers thirty or forty miles on the road extenuated, than of all his administrative triumphs. He, who unified the budgets in Indo-China by drawing together Cambodia, Anam, Tonkin, Laos, and Cochin-China; who obtained the railway grant by his eloquence; who made the Colony a financial success, is the proudest of men when he talks of his powers as a horseman.

Photo *Boyer*

Mme. Loubet

Wife of ex-President Loubet

Of M. Fallières there is little to say that is not known. What can be said for mediocrity has been written again and again, and will be written again and again, for mediocrity, like history, repeats itself. There is something, however, that is whispered, laughingly, in certain circles, that describes the statesman, and completes the portrait of the worthy man, that I happen to have heard and must relate. The Parisians delight in nicknames, and would find one even for their President. Can anyone picture *Un Loubet sans bretelles*—a Loubet without braces? This is how they have nicknamed M. Fallières.

Photo *Manuel*

Ex-President Loubet's new residence in the Rue Dante

In France no one thinks it strange that the ex-Chief of State should take up his residence over a shop

M. and Mme. Loubet are looking forward to a quiet time in their unpretentious flat in the Rue Dante, a street with a reputation none of the best, running from the Boulevard St. Germain into the Rue St. Jacques. They have taken the first floor—above the *entresol*—and are rapidly preparing for the coming exodus from the Elysée. To English ideas, it may seem strange for the ex-Chief of the State to live over a shop, but in France this question does not weigh with the people. Their snobbishness takes another form. M. and Mme. Loubet will be just as much considered by their friends in the Rue Dante as in any other street they could have fixed upon. Jacquemin, the name over the door, is that of a plumber in a large way of business. Had it been a pastry-cook, or any other dealer in provisions, it would have made no difference. The Frenchman only draws the line at living over a wine shop.

* * *

Sir Benjamin Stone's camera has been the means of unlocking, for the benefit of the public, the treasures of the Houses of Parliament. Session after session his camera has stood before the gateway giving entrance from the terrace to the vast subterranean passages of the Houses of Parliament. His fellow-members have given him every help in his pictorial and most valuable record of Parliament. From Messrs. Cassell's publication, "Sir Benjamin Stone's Pictures," we are enabled to reproduce a characteristic photograph of Mr. Tim Healy, whose independence carries him far, even to defiance of Mr. John Redmond. The subjoined character-sketch from Messrs. Cassell's publication is a worthy companion to the photograph:—

A prime favourite with the House of Commons is Mr. Healy. When word goes round that "Tim Healy is up," Members crowd in from lobby, smoking-room, library, and terrace, deserting the humorist in the middle of his good story, leaving the cigar unsmoked, casting the popular novel aside.

Yet he is not an orator, in the common meaning of the term. His style of speaking is unpolished and rugged. In matter he is often irregular and erratic, for he does all the thinking while he is on his feet, and it consequently suffers from a want of continuity. But his speeches are made up of rhapsody, fancy, fun, anecdote, humour, banter, sarcasm, pathos, that are never forced, that come to him quite naturally—even the look on the face of an opponent is sufficient to suggest a brilliant train of ideas—and, being an earnest, sensitive man who feels deeply, there are running through it all strains of marked seriousness and genuine eloquence. He fires in turn the sense of the ridiculous, the heart, the imagination, of his delighted hearers.

The Irishman Who Defies Redmond: Tim Healy

Tim Healy North Louth

(Reproduced from "Sir Benjamin Stone's Pictures," by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

Terrible Mishap to a Royal Prince

At times it is difficult to get right outside one's surroundings and take the world's view of a particular circumstance. As an instance, read the following account from a feminine correspondent upon the scene of an accident to the young heir to the House of Hapsburg :—

The strength of the "only link" which binds the hostile factions of the Dual Empire was evidenced by the spontaneous outburst of sympathy from Magyar and Austrian alike on the occasion of the accident to Archduke Karl-Franz last week. The young Archduke was skating with his usual zest when he came into collision with another boy. His younger brother, Archduke Maximilian, flew to his assistance, and the sufferer was at once transported on a stretcher to the palace of his father, Archduke Otto, himself an invalid. While lying on the ice, faint with pain, Archduke Karl-Franz only murmured, "Don't fret, Mutterchen ! it will mend."

Archduchess Maria Josepha, summoned from the bedside of her husband, encountered this fresh misfortune with the valiance and resignation that characterise her. Before many hours all Vienna was on the alert, anxious and alarmed, while telegrams began pouring in from Buda Pesth, Agram, Prague—those minor capitals which play such an important, and often tempestuous, part in the politics of the Empire. Happily, the bulletins issued are favourable, and announce a speedy recovery.

Archduke Karl-Franz

Heir to the throne of Austria, who has just sustained an accident while skating

I can keep my readers in suspense no longer. The Archduke Karl-Franz was upset by the collision, and fell, breaking his leg.

It may be mentioned that now his cousin, the King of Spain, has joined the ranks of Benedicts to be, the youthful Archduke Karl-Franz is the greatest matrimonial catch in Europe. In our illustration the Archduke is seen in the uniform of a Cornet

* * *

It always was difficult to be a woman successfully, but Dr. Bernard Hollander, by his lecture before the Ethological Society on women's brains has made it even more difficult. He knows, naturally, a vast deal more about woman than woman knows about herself—lookers-on and the game are proverbially well-acquainted.

Photos *Pietzner*

H.I.H. Archduchess Maria Josepha

Mother of Archduke Karl-Franz, and the hostess of Burg Palace, Vienna

But he should really be discouraged from elaborating the Byron-Shaw theory that

> Man's love is of his life a thing apart :
> 'Tis woman's whole existence.

It is such an excuse for men, and such a libel on women. Every man (provided he is a bachelor, of course, and under fifty) spends every minute of his spare time pursuing the fickle god. Of course, he must work (a little), and he must play golf or bridge (a lot), but all the rest of his life is devoted to the game of love, whereas women, well, of course, when they are in love, they are, to speak politically, whole-hoggers, but then, they so seldom are in love. One of the chief reasons why men are—in spite of the unfortunate position of the Court Theatre, which doesn't give one a chance to sup—so keen on Mr. Shaw's play, *Man and Superman*, is because the whole play is simply an elaboration of Lord Byron's couplet. Naturally, it pleases them immensely to have it given out to the world that their ruling passion is of their lives a "thing apart."

Those women, though, who take the things they read in the papers to heart, and even try and act on them, must be rather perplexed as to the course they should now pursue in order to find favour in their "equal's" eyes. They are told that they are to avoid mental exercise in order to be happy and restful, and therefore pleasing ; they are to be under, rather than over, cultured, but, all the same, they are to be brainy enough to be able to make the stupidest man believe that he is naturally far more intellectual than they are ; and if that doesn't require brains I should like to know what does? Finally, they must develop their emotions "freely," and then the man who is "really in love, will glory in submitting to the commands of the woman he loves, and will be as patient as a big dog with children." The simile is apt.

* * *

Miss Isabel Jay, at present in *The White Chrysanthemum*, at the Criterion Theatre, is one of our most charming light opera singers. Trained in one of the finest schools of music—the old Savoy Theatre, in the days of Gilbertian opera—she must find the music of the present-day light operas quite the simplest thing in the world. Her recent divorce action came nearly as much of a surprise to the public as the famous "Pfanchette"

(Continued on page 172)

The Sanctity of the Hearth

STOUT MATRON TO CANVASSER: "My 'usband is out just now, and I'd arsk yer in to wait for 'im, but—well yer know this is a *terrible* place for scandal"

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE

"The Harlequin King"

AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Mr. Lewis Waller (*Harlequin*)

Miss Evelyn Millard (*Colombina*)

COL.: "Which of you—am I to love?"

DRAWN BY H. W. THORPE

"The Most Delicious Child in the World"

case of three years ago. The remarkable nature of that case will keep it fresh in the public mind for many a year to come, and those who succeeded in winning a seat in Court will forget neither the bewitching appearance of Mrs. Cavendish nor the whole-souled manner in which she followed her husband's case.

* * *

The Duke of Manchester, whose appointment as Lord Steward of the Household (in succession to the Earl of Pembroke, who held the post under the late Government) has recently been announced, has not yet celebrated his thirtieth birthday. He is a man, therefore, with many years before him to show the stuff that he is made of. As a youth, he was as keen on acting as on yachting, and, at one time, cherished the wish of adopting the stage as a career. That wish crushed in the bud, he turned his attention to science, and showed great aptitude in his studies. Taken all round, he is a very clever man. Six years ago, the Duke, after a short engagement made, only to be broken off, with Miss Joan Wilson, of Warter Priory, married Miss Helena Zimmermann, of Chicago, a girl with strong common sense, an amiable character, and much wealth. Marriage has done wonders for the Duke. His health, formerly so delicate, has improved, and with his wife he has devoted himself to the making of an Estate Beautiful of Kylemore, in Connemara, which the young couple purchased shortly after their marriage. Both the Duke and Duchess are much liked in Ireland, and have spent most of their time, with their little son and heir, Lord Mandeville, when not visiting Chicago, at either Kylemore or Tanderagee. The Duke is a Free Trader, and takes a keen interest in politics nowadays.

The Duke of Manchester

Who has just been appointed Lord Steward of the Household

* * *

Thanks to a sensational lawsuit she has just won, Mademoiselle Carlier, one of the leading actresses at the State theatre, the Odeon, now finds herself endowed with a £500 sable cloak for which she did not pay one penny, and also with the title of "the most delicious child in the civilised world." The title was not included in the verdict awarding her the coat and the costs, but, thanks to the publicity of the evidence, the name promises to stick to her so as to outlast the coat.

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Isabel Jay

The pretty prima donna of comic opera, who has just been granted a *decree nisi* in the action for divorce against her husband, Mr. H. H. Cavendish, the noted explorer, of "Planchette" fame

The furrier, Max, recently opened a new establishment on the Place de la Bourse, and it occurred to him that nothing would advance his interests as much as some advertising with a photograph of a prominent actress in some garment from his stock. He selected Carlier, generally considered the prettiest actress in Paris, and she graciously consented to pose as an advertisement in a photograph to be published in the fashion papers and posted up in the theatres and music-halls, representing her in a gorgeous sable cloak falling to her feet, such as the Tsarina would probably be only too glad to have, now that the usual fur supplies of the Russian Imperial Family are cut off. Max himself was so delighted that he sent one of the first copies to Carlier, bearing, in his august hand, the following remarkable inscription:

"Happy that a small part of his house should surround Mademoiselle Madeleine Carlier, the most delicious child of the civilised world, Max presents to her the first copy of these designs."

Madeleine Carlier received the photograph and the inscription with a pleasant smile, which changed to a scowl, however, some days later, when a bill

Mlle. Carlier, of the Odeon Theatre, Paris

Who, after advertising a £500 Sable coat for Max, the furrier, refused to return it. Her action has been upheld by the Court

IN THE MARKET MATRIMONIAL

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE BYSTANDER" BY PENRHYN STANLAWS

came in to her for 12,895 francs, for a sable cloak supplied to her.

"I paid for it in advertising," answered Carlier.

"I had only lent it, and you failed to return it," retorted Max.

So they went to law.

Max could not disclaim his autograph with the phrase that he was "happy that a part of his house should surround her," whatever that might mean; and the case was decided against him. He appealed; and now, for the second time, the coat has been awarded to Carlier as a legitimate reward for her advertising.

To support her case, Carlier brought up curious testimony from other actresses in regard to their connection with dressmakers.

Rachel Launay, of the Opéra Comique, testified that whenever she was photographed in a costume from a big dressmaker's, the costume was always presented to her afterwards. Vera Sergine declared, "I depend on this system for my entire trousseau." Another actress stated that she was thus given 50,000 francs' worth of dresses per year by one single firm. "Each time I have posed in a new gown for *couturier*," said another, "he has given me the gown afterwards. How else can we wear good clothes?" It was shown, too, that certain fashionable women received gifts of dresses in precisely the same way.

* *

The discussions at Algeciras have largely followed the course predicted for them. It has been clear throughout that each Power has been playing for its own hand, and that the good government of Morocco has been a very secondary consideration in the minds of the diplomats assembled. It has been fortunate that Britain's position has been in such able hands as those of Sir Arthur Nicolson and Mr. Gerard Lowther, our Minister at Tangier, a photograph of whom, in the act of leaving for the Conference, we publish on page 176.

* * *

As the results of the last lingering polls come trickling in, we begin to realise that the political vice which has held us at home since the Resignation of December is at last relaxing. Politics have done their worst to stay the Southward flight of would-be winter holiday-makers, but there yet remains a week or two prior to the reassembling of Parliament in which politicians of all shades may seek the needed rest and change of air. To recommend the Riviera again, after our recent special supplement, would be to labour the obvious, and, therefore, I now beg to propose a more original retreat. Why not the Scilly Islands? Has it occurred to you that in our own realms there is in this, the month of January, a place of perpetual sunshine, of warm, whispering airs, of early blooming flowers, of romantic charm—a "small sweet world of wave encompassed wonder," as Swinburne has it?

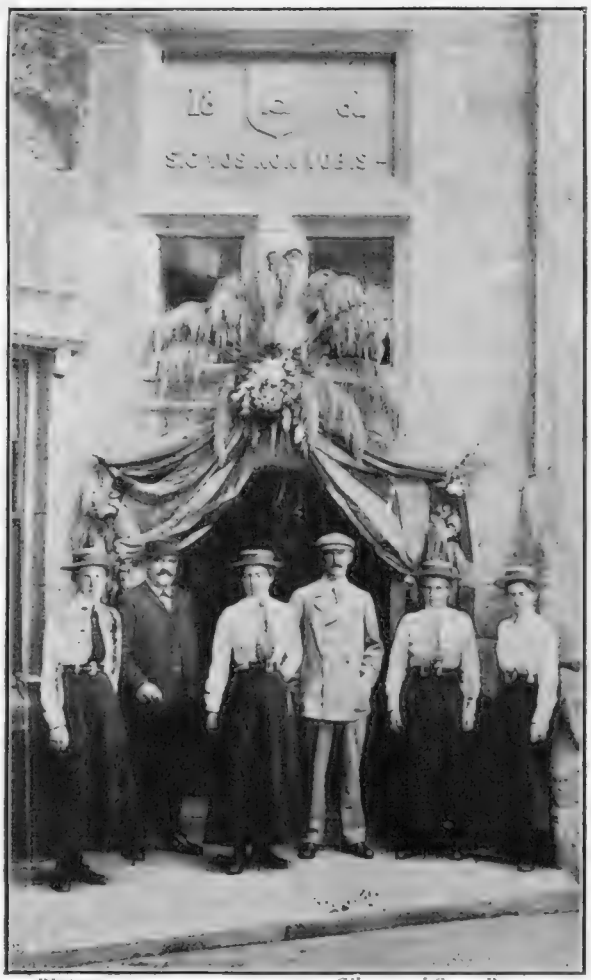


Photo *Gibson and Sons, Penzance*

The Tsar of all the Scillies, Mr. T. A. Smith Dorrien-Smith, and family

Who exercise an almost autocratic control over the Islands, their residence being the ancient Abbey at Tresco, a porch of which is seen above

Spring is now at its height in the little Atlantic archipelago, beginning at Christmas and giving way, at Easter, to summer! Scilly is, roughly, about three months ahead of the seasons, and now its sun is warm, its airs soft, many of its flowers—notably the crocus and narcissus—in full glory. Our photographs, showing the "Palm Walk" and ruins of Tresco Abbey, give an idea of the tropical appearance of the place, and that of Mr. Dorrien-Smith, the Governor, and his family, standing in the Abbey porch at Tresco, serve to remind us that Scilly is, in its way, a sort of autocracy under the flag. The Smith family have ruled the isles since 1831, when Mr. Augustus Smith purchased them from the Duke of Leeds, and instituted great reforms. Mr. Dorrien-Smith has an unrivalled collection of tropical plants, and tons of narcissi and wallflower from Scilly will soon be gladdening London's dreary streets. Here are the late Sir Walter Besant's directions (with time brought up to date) for those who would reach Scilly comfortably:—

If you are in a hurry, leave Paddington (G.W.R.) at 9.50; enjoy a comfortable night's rest in the sleeping-car; breakfast at your leisure in Penzance in a sunny room overlooking Mount's Bay; go on board at ten, and lunch luxuriantly in Scilly. If time is no object and daylight travelling is preferable, choose the express train which brings you to Penzance in time for dinner. Sleep there and proceed to the Scilly Islands next day.

THE BYSTANDER.

Start of the Scilly Season

The Palm Walk, Tresco Abbey

Tropical foliage abounds in the Scilly Islands, which just now offer magnificent attractions for the tourist in the shape of warm sun, soft airs, and green foliage. At present, many flowers are in bloom, and the crocus, narcissus, wallflower, etc., make their first British appearance in the Islands in which it said that there are but three seasons—spring, summer, and autumn (no winters need apply)

The ruins of Tresco Abbey

In the grounds of the home of the Lord Proprietor of the Islands, Colonel Dorrien-Smith. The Abbey was established by the monks sent to Scilly by Athelstan in 938. Its beautiful foliage will be noted

The Morocco Conference

Photo *Reg. A. Silk*

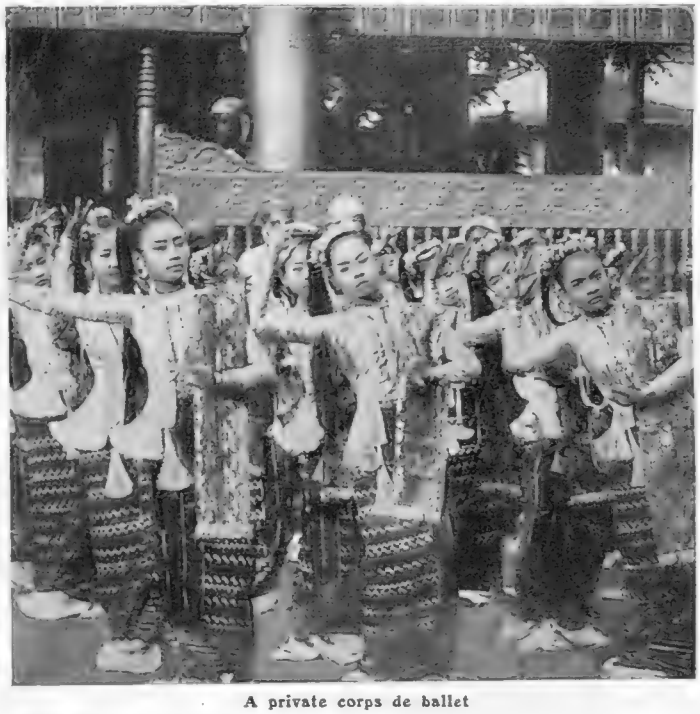
British Minister leaves for Algeciras

His Excellency H.B.M. Minister to Morocco, Mr. Gerard Lowther, C.B., leaving Tangier on board a British Cruiser for the International Conference at Algeciras

FROM ABROAD

The Royal Visit to Burmah

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Burmah will be of the nature of a relief after their many weeks of constant sight-seeing "cross the Bay," for Burmah's characteristics are not very like those of India. It is warmer, more moist; there are dense forests, mostly of teak, and huge rivers with steep cliffs at either side. The natives are unlike the Indians in every way; they have flatter faces, prominent cheek-bones, slit-like eyes, and long hair, but little moustache or beard. They are cheerful and careless, fond of gay colours and entertainments. Burmah has monasteries or *kyaung* everywhere, built of teak, elaborately carved and ornamented with spires; also pagodas, pyramid-shaped, surmounted with umbrella-like spires. Amusements in Burmah are of a varied character, including Burmese football, boat racing, pony racing, the *pwé*, a kind of theatrical performance, and exhibitions by Nautch girls, whose *yeingpwé*, or posture dance, consists of a series of inclinations of the form. There are no quick movements, but only a series of slow contortions of the trunk, limbs, hands, and feet, which, however thrilling to the leisurely Oriental mind, are somewhat dreary to the westerner. It may be added, Burmah is a country which has really thriven and improved under British rule.



A private corps de ballet

Burmese Nautch girls belonging to the Court of a native Prince will perform before the Prince and Princess of Wales. The "nautch" is less a dance than a series of slow postures or inclinations of the body

Mandalay: Bird's-eye view

Mandalay is the capital of Upper Burmah, and was captured by the British flotilla approaching up the Irawadi in 1885, an event chiefly impressed on the national memory by Mr. Kipling's famous ballad, "On the Road to Mandalay." Its native houses are built mostly of bamboo, and there are many gilded pagodas and temples to add to its scenic charm

Royalty in Rangoon

Rangoon: The Strand Road

The Burmese capital, now being visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales, lies alongside the Rangoon river. The above is a view of the riverside thoroughfare known as the Strand Road

Rangoon: The Strand

Rangoon is a modern city of regular streets, churches temples and mosques of all religious sects, and a very considerable trade. It has thrived wonderfully since Britain captured it in 1852

By Field, Stream, and Covert

The North Cotswold's New Master

Sir John Hume-Campbell's appointment to the Mastership of the North Cotswold Hounds fills one vacancy satisfactorily, but causes a second gap in another part of the kingdom. The young Scottish baronet, who for some years was in the 2nd Life Guards, is tremendously keen on hunting, and those who have followed him this season in Ireland tell me that he handles his hounds for all the world like an old hand. While always ready to cast daringly in any emergency, he possesses great patience in letting his hounds work out their own line, and this quality, so often lacking in young huntsmen, raises him to the level of men of much longer experience. Sir John started very sensibly with a little pack of his own in Berwickshire, and after a couple of seasons with them he felt qualified to accept the vacant Mastership of the Ormond Hounds in Ireland. This country is not without its drawbacks for the stranger, and doubtless the M.F.H. will find the North Cotswold much more to his liking. Certainly he will be accorded a warm welcome there, and the members of the Hunt are congratulating themselves upon having secured such a good young sportsman for their country in succession to Mr. Charles McNeill, who, it must be added, is a very difficult man adequately to replace.

The Meynell Hounds, a fine Derbyshire pack, which Mr. Gerald Hardy has hunted for three seasons

Another Pack Suggested for the Shires

Mr. McNeill is so wholeheartedly enthusiastic where hunting and hound-breeding are concerned that I cannot imagine that he will keep out of harness for very long. He has bred a positively brilliant pack of bitches, and I know it would be a great wrench for him to part with them. That is why I think we might find him still in an official position next season, and there is some talk in Leicestershire of his bringing his pack to the Charnwood Forest for the purpose of hunting that country which Earl Ferrers covered from 1876 to 1887. Captain Frank Forester wants to keep the Quorn purely a four days' a week country, and under the existing arrangements he finds it impossible to do so, unless he leaves a big tract unvisited by the pack. I believe he favours the establishment of an auxiliary pack, but it remains for the Quorn Hunt Committee to discuss the subject, and to give their sanction, before anything definite can be done. Whatever may be arranged during the next few weeks, I have the authority of a member of the Committee for stating that nothing had been settled up to the moment of writing. Nevertheless, the idea has been well received in Leicestershire, where the importance of the Quorn Hounds devoting themselves to the best and not to the worst of their country is widely appreciated. Mr. McNeill, as the Master of an auxiliary pack, would have the advantage of being a Leicestershire man who acquired the greater part of his skill as huntsman from closely studying the methods of the late Tom Firr, the acknowledged head of his profession. While on the subject of hunting changes, I may note that it is not the intention of Mr. Carnaby Forster to resume the Mastership of the Ledbury Hounds on his return from abroad, and a new leader, therefore, has to be found for that pack.

In the Meynell Country

Many people suppose that the Meynell Hounds take their title from Hugo Meynell, the "father of fox-hunting," of Quorn renown; but that is not so, the founder of the pack having been that notable sportsman's grandson, who bore the same name, and hunted the

pack first of all as the Hoar Cross Hounds. The Old Squire, as he came to be called, died at the age of eighty-six in 1868, and at that time the hounds were under the Mastership of his son, Mr. H. F. Meynell Ingram, who only survived him three years, and bequeathed his grand pack to the country. Sport was good in the Meynell country even in its earliest days, Mr. Hugo Meynell (who became Mr. Meynell Ingram upon inheriting the Ingram estates in Yorkshire) killing 492 foxes in his first sixteen seasons. Since the death of their second Master, the Meynell Hounds have been a subscription pack, and their present chief is Mr. Gerald Hardy, who did a great deal for the Atherstone Hounds until returning home to the Meynell three seasons ago. A famous family of huntsmen, the Leedhams are closely bound up with the history of the Meynell Hunt. The first of them, Tom Leedham, hunted the pack for thirty-six years; his son, Joe, then took his place, and was huntsman until he died in 1856; being succeeded by his brother Tom, the best horseman, perhaps, of a family of good riders. He retired in 1872, and his nephew, Charles Leedham, filled the vacancy, retaining the position until 1898, when he retired with the late Mr. Hamar Bass. Evidence of the thrift of the second Tom Leedham was provided by the fortune of £18,000 he left behind him, and it also was a token that it is by no means a bad thing to be huntsman to a pack whose subscribers include many of the wealthiest men in England.

Concerning Lord Lonsdale's Jump

Lord Lonsdale's achievement of clearing the tremendous double posts and rails at Great Dalby Station, while hunting with the Quorn, is still being talked of in the Shires, and the illustration of the obstacle, which appeared in THE BYSTANDER of the 10th inst., has attracted widespread attention to the jump in English and Irish hunting circles. Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny writes on the subject:—

Lord Lonsdale's jump was a magnificent performance, especially as his weight stops his riding blood horses; but on page 78 of the "Memoirs of Sir Claude de Crespigny," you will see that outside Marbury Park, Lord Barrymore's Cheshire seat, over 31 ft. was jumped by the author.

Mr. Gerald Hardy, Master of the Meynell Hounds, listens to a good story

Miss Kirke, who hunts with the Meynell Hounds

When writing on Lord Lonsdale, I chanced to mention Chandler's renowned jump at the Warwick steeplechases, and expressed an opinion that the distance generally believed to have been covered—39 ft.—was much exaggerated. Sir Claude agrees:—

Very little reliability (he writes) is to be placed on the measurement of Chandler's jump; in fact, the *stated* distances vary from 33 ft. to 36 ft. I am not sure, but think that 39 ft. is also sometimes quoted. The ground was not measured until after the jockey had finished his race, weighed in, changed his clothes, and walked back to the jump. By that time the land in the immediate neighbourhood had been hopelessly poached by the numerous riders who, in those days, witnessed steeplechasing from their hacks.

The Premier Irish Pack

Sport with the Meath Hounds has been good this season, and rarely, indeed, has it been other than good since Mr. John Watson succeeded the Earl of Fingal (still one of the keenest members of the Hunt) fifteen years ago. Even to those who have never ridden over the sound pasture-land of Meath, or attempted its big fences and awe-inspiring banks and ditches, the fame of Mr. Watson is well known. He is acknowledged as one of the best huntsman in the Kingdom, counting professionals as well as amateurs, and it is certain that there is no M.F.H. better liked by his followers. It is the experience of a lifetime to hear Mr. Watson, in the richest of Irish brogues, rate a too headstrong member of his field, and though he is merciless to the offenders, they seem to like him all the more for it, and he has his field in wonderful order, considering its vast proportions after a favourite meet. I question whether the Quorn or the Cottesmore has a more cosmopolitan following than the Meath. The premier Irish pack attracts hunting people from all parts of the world, and Americans in particular.

An American M.F.H.

Our photographer presents us with a snapshot of one of the best-known American hunting men, Mr. P. F. Collier, who, in the United States, hunts Mr. Foxhall Keene's old pack, the Meadowbrook. With the Meath he

has shown himself as keen as can be, while Mr E. D. Morgan, the brothers McCreery, and Mr. W. Eustis are other Americans who see some of the cream of the sport with Mr. Watson's hounds. The Meath have a tremendous extent of country to cover, and go out five days a week, Wednesday being the exception. Mr. Watson is always with them, usually riding three fine weight-carriers during the day, and the hunt stables at Bective shelter about eighty horses. Navan is much the best centre for hunting with the Meath, but with the help of the railway as covert hack one can get to the majority of the meets from Dublin.

A Notable Fox-hunting Family

That peculiar skill and knowledge of hounds and foxes, which we observe in the best huntsmen of the day is very frequently hereditary. We have our great families of huntsmen, and the history of the sport contains many instances of son succeeding father in the Mastership of hounds. No family has devoted self more to fox-hunting than the Watsons, and is reasonable to suppose that the rare qualifications shown by Mr. John Watson in his management of the Meath Hounds are inherited from his forbears. This family has been associated with fox-hunting for two centuries, and Mr. John Watson's grandfather was Master of the Carlow Hunt for many years before he handed the horn to his son in 1845. The Watsons have never admitted that the position of a Master of hounds is an unpleasantly laborious one; on the contrary, that grand old veteran, Mr. Robert Watson, happily still with us, said, when receiving a testimonial on completing his fiftieth season as huntsman, "I have always been surrounded by friends and good sportsmen whom I find ever ready to assist me, and this has made mine an easy task through all these years."

Hunting in Australia

To this fine sporting family belongs the credit of having introduced fox-hunting into Australia. About fifty years have slipped away since Mr. Robert Watson's younger brother, George, left "Ould Ireland" to settle down in Australia, and he was not there long before the old fox-hunting instinct bred in him asserted itself, and the suitability of the country around Melbourne prompted him to start a pack of hounds. Wild dog and kangaroo at first sufficed to keep Mr. Watson's hounds busily engaged, but he soon became more ambitious, and in the year 1864 the first parent stock of foxes was imported and turned down to breed. Foxes have now become so plentiful that within a few miles of Melbourne hounds can hunt two or three days a week and show excellent sport.

A Smart Pack of Beagles

One of the smartest little packs of beagles in the country is owned by the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth. Thanks to the courtesy of the Master, Commander the Hon. H. G. Brand, strangers can run with this pack without the fear of being considered unwelcome intruders; but in the ordinary way the pack has its chief following in the naval cadets, of whom about thirty or more generally turn out on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The Master acts as huntsman, and two of the cadets are usually elected to whip-in to him. The young stalwarts who follow the hounds are not lacking in speed and stamina, which they need to keep in touch with the pack when scent serves well. A. W. C.

Photo *C. W. Wood*

The Britannia Beagles

A smart pack belonging to the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, and hunted by the cadets, with Commander the Hon. H. G. Brand in the Mastership

[Advertisement.] — GLOVES UNAFFECTED BY WET.—A glove, intended primarily for driving and riding, and called the "Quorn Hunt" Glove, which is claimed to be unaffected by wet, is being made by Mr. Macintosh, 89, New Street, Birmingham. It is hand-sewn, with double thread, and has been adopted by most masters of foxhounds, etc. It is the cheapest and best glove made for Hunting, the price being 2s. 11d., or 3s. post free.

Irish Hunts No.

The Meath Hounds after a kill

Mr. John Watson, one of th most
has shown sp did sport wi

Mr. P. Collier, owner of "Collier's Weekly," and a M.F.H in America

Mrs. Richardson, one of the leading members of the Meath Hunt

Some typical Meath pasture. The start

(Photographs taken by our Special Representative in Ire

The Meath Hounds

sters of Ho nds i the Kingdom. He th Hounds for fifteen seasons

The End of the Run: Reynard has gone to ear h in a difficult place

d run with Mr. Watson's famous pack

Mr. Watt, a hard-riding follower of the pack

Mrs. Dunville (nee the Hon Violet Lambart), formerly lady-in-waiting to Queen Alexandra

(*Next week illustrations will appear of the Kildare Hunt*)

The Connoisseur

HISTORIC FRENCH FURNITURE

When Henri Deux married Catharine di Medici he greatly aided the already strong influence of Italian art within the fruitful borders of France. The sixteenth century was a period of glorious Princes whose tastes were for splendour and grace in all that surrounded them, but still some of the severities based upon classic principles yet remained, and the result, if sumptuous, was still reserved and strong. The period of the Second Henri of France is particularly interesting in the history of furniture, for it was after his death, late in the sixteenth century, that the old pure style began to vanish, and the caprice of the individual to take the place of consistent design. The vast changes in domestic architecture which lie between the French castle of Henri II. and the English mansion of Edward VII. would seem, at the first glance, to make it impossible to adapt the furniture of that long-distant time to our present surroundings. But this is far from the case. At the exhibition of furniture of this period, now being held at Mr. W. B. Patterson's Gallery, at No. 5, Old Bond Street, it is found possible to evolve an environment in which the stately and plainly decorative work of Henri's time is perfectly at home. But it must be owned that no small skill is required in this matter, and that, in a general way, the fine chairs and cabinets of Henri II. are not for the intimate uses of the modern home of culture. The entire collection does not comprise more than about a dozen pieces, but these are very rare examples of sixteenth-century cabinet-work in pear, walnut, and oak. Such museums as the Wallace neglect these early pieces for the over-decorated examples of later days.

The way in which the furniture of past historic times interests most fully to-day is in connection with its applicability to the great houses of our own time. It will, we think, be found that an extremely satisfactory result can be obtained by the use of such pieces, among other examples, as a *Henri Deux* cabinet *à deux corps* of the latter part of the sixteenth century. At this time the doors were often carved with medallions of figures representing, in more or less classic fashion, the divinities that hedge about the home. Such pieces of work are frequently inlaid with polished marble—an interpolation effective in the originals, but not to be recommended in the reproductions one often sees. With such a cabinet, or one of slightly earlier period, and the simply and cleverly planned tables shown in the illustration, and a chair or two of the same character, one has obtained the feeling of the period. For our own comfort, the walls of such a room should be warm in colour, and old silver and blue and white Nankin should help to provide that gaiety which is needed to adjust these somewhat heavy pieces to the mental needs of our time. If you can add some fine tapestry to the walls—as pictures are out of keeping—and Persian carpets on the floors, a few simple and solid seats in leather will not hurt the *ensemble*. Thus, while historically correct in the essentials of your Henri II. room, you may still avoid that feeling of being a stranger within the chamber of some far-off generation which is the unpleasing nemesis of a too strict antiquary.

E. M.

Furniture of Henri Deux
(From the exhibition at Mr. Patterson's Gallery, Old Bond Street)

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 7.

THE LEES OF LIFE

By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."—*Chesterfield.*

Every day he drew on with his starched shirt the armour of respectability; every week he sent his soul to the laundry in the shape of a smug article to a smug review; every night his valet creased his trousers in firm, immaculate lines, and polished his boots to reflect dusky visions of a smiling but decorous world—all this; but his underclothing was silk and warm-coloured, and under the ice of his heart flowed, perhaps unheeded, the turbulent waters of a muddy stream.

Alfred Alenswick was forty, felt forty, and looked his years to a day; he was clean-shaven, thin, upright, and mellow-voiced; he lived in a set of rooms off Piccadilly, in the elegance suitable to a purse containing two thousand a year.

It may be said of some women that those whom the Gods do not love, dye young and dye often; it may be said of Alenswick that he shut the book of his youth at page twenty-two, dyed his soul grey, went into mourning for his future, and utterly forgot the tombstone of his past.

Man's life is like a graveyard—God's acre: here lies the soul of Alfred Alenswick, aged eight, he was a good boy and beloved of his parents; here lies the soul of Alfred Alenswick, aged eighteen, he was a good young man who thought he knew everything; here lies the soul of Alfred Alenswick, aged twenty-one, he *was* a good young man; here lies the soul of Alfred Alenswick, aged twenty-two:

> Mourn him, good people, all who love a youth,
> Fair, brave, and over generous of his love.
> He had temper, passion, and a zest of Life,
> He sinned without love and then died into respectability,
> Hoping the world would never find him out.

Well, he was forty now, and his youth lay behind him in forty volumes, bound in white, green, scarlet, and then grey, grey, grey.

There never was such a man for knowing the exact thing to do, the exact place in which to dine, the exact limit of his appetite, the exact point where the whiskey stopped and the soda spurted in—a great man for soda, it hid the spirit. He was never indiscreet, little knowing that indiscretion is the gift of the Gods to men that they may step to heights where angels fear to tread.

And yet he loved to look upon the life which floated past his window, and to watch the frail vessels break against the hard vessels as they floated down the stream; he rejoiced in the demolition of St. James's Restaurant, and he noticed the wonderful colour effects of the lights of Piccadilly more than the moral aspect of the shifting crowd under the lights.

He felt secure in his padded room, for it gave one that impression, that he was safe from the mud and jostle of the world, yet had his fingers on the world's pulse; and he moralised accordingly for monthlies and prosed for sixpenny weeklies on the town and its life from the safe height, moral and mudguarded, of a second-storey window.

By some he was regarded as a buffer between Earth and Heaven, by some as a mummified man who had smoothed the creases out of life with a dull iron, by some as mere frozen meat, by some as a devil in immaculate clothes and wonderful boots which hid the cloven hoof, by no one as a good fellow.

He was a gourmet and not a gourmand; he ate to tickle his vanity and incidentally to satisfy his body; he had forgotten how to be hungry.

As for women, they could not make head or tail of him; he was round and smooth; to make eyes at him was like staring at a public building, to breathe soft nothings to him was like whispering into an urn, to try to be cosy with him was like trying to lounge on an iceberg—he was a mystery and a man, so they did not give him up; besides, he had two thousand a year and presentable relations.

Tony Keswick said that if you gave Alenswick a rattling good feed at the Savoy and an hour or two at the Empire, it was like dining at Duval's, in Paris, and taking a clergyman to the Moulin Rouge. This, of course, was a terrible exaggeration: Alenswick liked his dinner, enjoyed the show at the Empire, and put up with Tony as a study of character.

He had succeeded from the age of twenty-two in annihilating all introspective thoughts concerning the years from eighteen to twenty-two; he closed, barred, and padlocked an iron door there, and swam into a lake of complacency. He was really more dead than Rameses.

His windows faced a well-known public-house; he had chosen his rooms with care, and from their height he could see over the green glass half-windows and observe all sorts of society within taking their ease. He had chosen this place for several reasons: he could see right along the bars downstairs when the ebb and flow of men and women was frequent, and he could see straight into the saloon bar upstairs.

The above story is the seventh of a Series of Worldly Stories, which will be published weekly until further notice.

Our next week's story will be "The Suicides in the Rue des Vents," by Leonard Merrick

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where, as it was quiet, a number of men came in during the day to talk to the barmaid, or to have a quiet drink, and in the evening, well in the evening they were not so likely to be seen. Then Alenswick saw, with his critical eyes, respectable men engaged in attempts to renew the careless gaiety of ill-spent youth.

Many men would have thought it more immoral to sit there and watch than to be in the bar itself.

On one particular evening, at eleven o'clock, Alenswick, after an exceptionally good dinner at home and over a weak whiskey and soda and a good cigar, was seated at his window watching what the Fates were providing for his especial amusement.

In the bar opposite, he could see a medley of people drinking after every fashion; in the bar, near the door, were workmen and the like, soldiers, and a few loafers, most of them drinking beer; they were being attended to by a smart potman, who slammed the change down on to the wet counter with lightning speed. He had twice seen this potman, when the bar was empty, trying to swindle the Patent Cash Register. He always knew this potman's luck by the expression of his face when he read the evening paper; either the horse had not run, or had lost badly, or was a good second, or, and the potman's leery smile was a sight then, his special had won at a long price. He was a fairly interesting study, this potman, and he gave Alenswick all the excitement of betting without any of the risk, which was so like Alenswick, who always got other people to sin for him. Beyond this bar was the private bar, a small place with a general gathering of six elderly men who drank spirits and water or bottled stout; they were small shopkeepers, who met together at the "pub" to exchange scandal, police news, and doubtful stories, and to get away from the awful sordidness and monotony of their home-life. They were respectable in their way, which was one of petty greed, and, being good customers, were waited on by the manager's wife—a stout person, with marvellous golden hair, and a face which appealed to lovers of buxom beauties. She had a chin to mark every fifteen years, the third chin resting on a Jubilee crown brooch.

Alenswick noted an incident in the first bar: a draggled girl of about fourteen, with the crime of London and the dirt of years on her face, pushed open the swing doors and offered some half-dead roses to the soldiers and workmen, only to be ordered off by the sleek haired potman. He loved a bit of authority, did the potman. "'Ere get along art o' this," he said, "artside, Jemima." The hungry little devil made a smiling face at him and limped out.

It was summer, and Alenswick could hear the words through his open window.

As the girl came out, a youth and a woman were going into the bar, the flower-girl stopped them. "Buy a bunch, guv'ner, all bloomin', all fresh, plucked this mornin' in the Sarth o' France?"

"Fresh as a 'addock," said the young man.

"The laidy likes 'em," the girl said.

The faded, painted woman with him looked at the roses.

"Buy us a bunch, darlin'," she said to the man; "they ain't bad." She pressed his arm lovingly.

"Or' right," he replied, and diving into his pockets he produced sixpence.

"'Ow much?" he asked.

"Fourpence to some," she said, "but a tanner to a gentleman."

"You don't want no change, deary," said the faded woman, and she hustled him into the bar.

The flower-girl looked after them, spat on the sixpence, deliberated for a second, and then entered the house herself.

"'Ere move off," said the potman.

"Chuck it, whiskers," the girl said. "Mild and bitter, 'arf, and bring it up quick."

The men about her laughed, and the potman, who wasn't a bad sort, smiled and fetched the tankard of beer.

"I'll pay for yer," said one of the soldiers, when the girl put down her sixpence. "All right, that's on me; 'ave a bite of bread and cheese to push it down with."

"Or' right, cocky, cheer O! here's your bloomin' good 'ealth."

She drunk the beer in two gulps and, taking the bread and cheese in her hand, she marched out. It was eleven o'clock, her first meal that day, and Alenswick, well fed, looked with interest on her as she stood on the kerb and gnawed the food.

Such was the nature of the comedy he watched many nights in the week.

Upstairs a lady of cockney comeliness and an extravagant wealth of false hair waited upon the needs of a few men and women. She was Laura, the other barmaid was Nell; he knew both their names; they had reached him from many different sources across the street. Drunken voices, oily voices, sharp, hard, deep voices had said "Nell" or "Laura" on a hundred occasions, and the name had floated across the street into Alenswick's window.

Laura gave kisses, lent hairpins, and scolded "the boys" with the same impartial smile. Nell pouted, sneered, swaggered, and relented; they were of no relation to each other, but they hated one another like sisters.

The curious drinks that Alenswick heard called for—"Small Gee-gee and a split Whizz," "Three stars and a Polly," "Cream de Mont," "Two special Scotch—one in order." All the odds and ends of bar sounds floated over to the sanctum of Respectability, and were observed by Alfred Alenswick, to his cold amusement.

To-night there was a woman in the bar who interested him, she sat with her back to the window, facing three men. Apparently, she was witty, for they laughed heartily at her remarks, which were made in such a low voice that Alenswick could not hear them. She drank glass after glass of Benedictine, which one man paid for, a fat, sensual-looking man, with a diamond tie-pin.

Why Alenswick was more than usually interested he did not know, but the turn of the woman's head, and the set of her neck, seemed absurdly familiar; he strained his ears to catch her voice or her name.

The fat man gave her a cigarette, and Alenswick hoped she would turn round to the man on her left, who held a light, but she lit a match for herself.

For one moment the woman looked at him, stopped screaming, and said "Alfred." Then the policeman took her away, but she was quiet now and subdued

DRAWN BY J. R. SKELTON *(TO ILLUSTRATE OUR WORLDLY STORY)*

(Continued from page 186)

It was about twenty minutes past eleven now. He wondered if they would go soon.

Suddenly the laughter of the group ceased, the fat man was red in the face, his cigar stuck out of his thick lips at an angry tilt, because his teeth were closed on the butt of it.

A waiter stood by the table with a glass of Benedictine on a tray. Evidently the fat man refused to pay for the drink, for the woman threw some money on to the table and took the liqueur from the waiter.

Angry voices, too confused for the words to be heard, came out of the window. One of the other men tried to pacify the fat man, the other whispered to the woman. She pushed him away, and leaned on her elbow on the table, smoking vigorously. The smoke came curling out of the window. Presently, the fat man took his cigar out of his mouth, and grinned offensively at the woman; then he leant forward and said something to her. Alenswick, strangely excited, rose from his chair and stood by his window.

The woman leant back for a second, and then, like lightning, she jabbed the hot end of her cigarette into the fat man's face.

There was an uproar, the man yelled out, the woman rose unsteadily but quickly; she was, so Alenswick now saw, extremely drunk. In a moment she was at the man like a tigress, clawing, biting, yelling at him. The waiter ran downstairs, and the other men in the bar came to pull the girl off. The man's face was bleeding profusely; he stood up, drunk, but sobering. Some of the women in the bar pulled at their men to make them leave. Laura came from behind the counter, and talked to a young man.

The woman struggled and yelled at the top of her voice, she used all the filthy language, all the foul terms she knew, against the man. Still, Alenswick was unable to see her face.

The waiter, who had run down stairs and into the street, came back with a policeman.

It was a queer scene in the garishly lighted place, the waiter, a thin, white-faced man who was consumptive, was gasping for breath, the men and women all looking on, the yelling woman held by the two men, the matter-of-fact young policeman.

It was over soon, the policeman took hold of the woman whose screams still rent the air, her hair tumbling down, her dress torn. A small crowd gathered in the street below, a black crowd which had sprung out of emptiness like blackbeetles in a kitchen.

Alenswick ran down his stairs and into the street, standing apart from the crowd. He could see the policeman bringing the drunken woman down the narrow staircase of the "pub." She still screamed and cursed.

Now he saw her face, the crowd parted, and the policeman led her past Alenswick; for one moment the woman looked at him, stopped screaming, and said "Alfred." Then the policeman took her away, but she was quiet now and subdued.

Alenswick went back to his rooms, closed the door, and sat down heavily in his chair by the window.

Oh, how the ghosts came out; what a resurrection there was of souls from those graves of the past!

Alfred Alenswick, aged twenty, came into the room, gay, careless, fine-looking, the devil of youth in his eyes. He brought with him a girl of eighteen, pretty, countrified.

Alfred Alenswick, aged forty, groaned aloud.

He saw the farm, the sun on the thatch, smelt the new-mown hay; he saw himself making love to Kate.

Kate! Alenswick's mean, varnished, respectable soul leapt out of its perpetual starch, and stood naked and very much ashamed before him.

The wild night, the summer's day, Kate of the sleepy eyes, of the corn-coloured hair, Kate the reluctant, the slumbering, the awakened Kate, Kate vanquished.

London came into his vision, gay, heartless London, Kate throned, Kate loving, Kate a bore, a nuisance.

His great chance, society, the world of sham respectability, Kate dethroned, no—Kate victorious, as she thought, who left him to his smug life while she conquered the town.

And then Kate, the screaming, drunken woman of a quarter of an hour ago.

He must do something for her, must call at the police station, help her, save her. All the stingy, mean palace of respectability came tottering down, his mask of life was torn off, the decent coat he had thrown over Truth was thrown away. He felt a new man; he would be noble now, self-sacrificing.

His front door bell rang.

Jensome, his man, opened the door and announced Mr. Antony Keswick.

"Blues! by Jingo!" said Keswick. "Come out, old chap, and have supper at the club."

Alfred Alenswick pulled himself together. "My dear Tony, not to-night."

"Bosh and bunkum! We've just time to have a neat little meal at the club; I want to talk to you. Marstopp's starting a new review."

Anything to stop thinking Kate, Kate, Kate; so they went.

The humiliation he had just suffered made him feel ill at ease with Keswick, but luckily Tony talked enough for two.

On the way to the club in Keswick's electric brougham, Alfred, jarred into silence by his late adventure, strung into a tense nervousness by the sudden and vigorous rejuvenating of his past, felt the slipping, even motion of the motor-cab come as a strong tonic to his nerves. He ceased to think wildly, Kate became dimmed in his vision, but he still adhered to his resolve that he must do something for her, help her, perhaps reinstate her. The idea made him shudder.

The cab stopped at the club and they got out and passed into the supper-room.

Alenswick wondered if the ghost of his youth stalked beside him; seemed to see in every face an accusation.

Then they had supper.

To Tony's surprise, Alenswick drank a bottle of Burgundy, moderate, sober Alfred—it caused Tony quite a little excitement; any more understanding

(Continued on page 190)

A Juvenile "Star"

Photo *B. Flatau Co.*

Miss Norah Nagle in her Golly-Wog dance at the Waldorf Theatre

There is only one way of describing the success of this accomplished little actress on her appearance in the children's play, *Noah's Ark*. She created a furore. Miss Nagle is ten and a half years of age

(Continued from page 188)

man would have seen that Alenswick was at a dangerous nervous pitch.

Gradually, as the wine warmed him and the supper cheered him, Alenswick, aged forty, began to revive, began also to assume his starched manner, began to push back, even to disown Alenswick, aged twenty. Men nodded to him as they came into the room, the waiters flew to do his bidding, he began to make little stiff jokes.

They had some coffee, and waited for Marstopp to come in; with the coffee, Alenswick pushed the ghost of his youth back into its grave; with the liqueur, the ghost nearly came out again—Tony ordered Benedictine.

Marstopp, a round-faced, cheery little cherub of fifty, came into the room and hailed the two men; he was especially deferential to Alenswick.

The Alenswick of the past slowly laid down and died again, and died, this time, for ever.

The devil of self-importance blew up the empty space where Alenswick's heart had been, and inflated Alenswick till there were no creases in him, and no warmth, and no feeling.

"Alenswick, my dear sir," said Marstopp, laying a fat forefinger on Alfred's arm, "I want you to do something for me." His face became creased with his wide smile a smile of confidence. "I want you to write the first article for my new rag, will you? Something surprising, something compelling, a strong subject, anything you like——"

For a moment Alenswick hesitated, leaning back and looking at the tips of his fingers. Then he said in an even voice, "Very well, Marstopp, I shall be delighted."

'Could you—I know it seems discourteous to press you—but could you let me have it pretty soon?"

"To-morrow morning," said Alenswick.

. . . . . .

That night Alenswick buried his dead, and showed never a line of worry or a ruffled exterior in so doing. He buried his dead and wrote the epitaph.

Marstopp received next morning, by special messenger, an article by Alenswick, entitled:

"Social Evil in the London Streets."

FOR SUCH AS GOSLIN

"I find young Mr. Goslin 'as paid that fifty pounds he owed us twice over. What 'ad I better do about it?"
"Do, you Juggins! Why, go an' ask 'im for it again"

DRAWN BY ARTHUR LEE

Jest by Photography

THE VERY LATEST FORM OF ILLUSTRATION

Photo *Will Cadbey*

A DELICATE SUBJECT

LADY CANVASSER: "What is your husband, Mrs. Prim, Liberal or Conservative?"
MRS. PRIM: "I ain't ever ask'd 'im, Miss"
L. C.: "Why ever not?"
MRS. P.: "Well, you see, it don't seem quite a fit subjec' for ladies"

The Library

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

FICTION

"Lady Noggs, Peeress." By Edgar Jepson. (T. Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Six Women." By Victoria Cross. (T. Werner Laurie: 6*s.*)

"A Prophet of Wales." By Max Baring. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"Love, the Tyrant." By Charles Garvice. (Hutchinson: 6*s.*)

"Hugo." By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"The Beauty Shop." By Daniel Woodroffe. (T. Werner Laurie: 6*s.*)

In "Lady Noggs, Peeress," Mr. Edgar Jepson happily scores off the methods of the sixpenny magazine "series" author. In the "series," you require some definite type of individual, who will, once a month for about a year, fill certain specific situations, generally decided by the art editor on "striking" illustrations bent. Each instalment must contain as many episodes, and as little humour, as possible, and, above all, the author has to bear in mind that the mental standard of "our readers" is that of the least intelligent among them. A better central figure for such treatment could not have been selected than "Lady Noggs, Peeress," otherwise Lady Felicia Grandison, the niece of a funny Prime Minister, who, when he is not saying "Well, well!" is exclaiming "Dear, dear!" Lady Noggs is a little girl with an inexhaustible capacity for making herself a general little nuisance and a nose for philanthropy. In the course of her adventures—related in a simple, naïve, obvious style—she prepares booby-traps for sedate gentlemen, exposes a Russian spy-countess in a despicable intrigue, saves a poor man who hadn't poached from the penalties of poaching, "holds up" the Northern Express to take to a London hospital a tenant's baby who had swallowed a pin—here is the sort of thing:—

Photo *Beresford*

Mr. Edgar Jepson

The amusing and versatile author whose "Lady Noggs, Peeress" (T. Fisher Unwin) has just appeared

> In a minute, Lady Noggs could see the body of the train and hear its roar; then she distinguished its two engines. The rattling roar grew and grew as it came tearing along; but of a sudden there rose a grating squeal from the tortured metals as the brakes locked the wheels, which rose louder and louder, and then came to a standstill in front of them. It was the work of a moment for the active child . . .

And so on. (I can see the magazine editor's delighted gleam as he reads it, all unsuspicious of its humour.) The adventures of Lady Noggs also include disrespect to a German royal house-party ("I'm glad to go; I don't want to stay with dishonourable foreigners who read other people's letters and eat like pigs"), an adventure with Hooligans, and a capture by brigands; and he must indeed be a dull dog who fails to enjoy many a hearty laugh from such material, treated in such a deliciously reminiscent style. It is with a flush of pride that I remember that Mr. Jepson has been, from the first, and is now, one of THE BYSTANDER'S merry band of contributors.

The number six seems to have a fascination for the lady—or gentleman?—who writes fiction under the catchy pseudonym of "Victoria Cross." Having given us, a year or so ago, "*Six* Chapters of a Man's Life," her latest *six*-shilling volume is "*Six* Women" (T. Werner Laurie). The reason of her liking for the number is possibly because its successor is associated with a certain Commandment, of which it is almost a mannerism of the author to make mockery. The episodes are treated with rich verbiage, keen descriptive sense, and acute knowledge of the subtler human nature. Nearly half the work is occupied by the first episode, in which is set forth at length the affection of one Hamilton (Indian Civil Service, forty, but figure of twenty-eight, handsome, black hair, bronzed skin, etc.) for Saidie (Egyptian dancing girl, "well-rounded, oval face, perfect throat, eyes like radiance of thousand Eastern nights, curling lips like flowers of pomegranate, rounded chin, with contour and bloom of nectarine"). His cultivation of the society of this paragon is interrupted by the appearance from England of Mrs. Hamilton (married twenty years, short skirts, big boots, hard-lined crimson face, curt manners, and impertinent way of speaking). The fact that there is this Mrs. Hamilton may suggest to the reader that Mr. Hamilton's Indian proceedings are scarcely what they should have been, but Victoria Cross frankly approves them, and, incidentally, says hard and bitter things about wives in general. To give to the story, however, a veneer of conventional respectability, she finishes it with two healthy, highly orthodox murders: (1) Mrs. Hamilton of Saidie, in her bungalow, and (2) Mr. Hamilton of Mrs. Hamilton, in the jungle. The other stories are shorter, subtler, and perhaps more artistic. Is Victoria Cross really of the feminine persuasion? The descriptions of women, in their praise and dispraise, seem more reflective of the sympathies of the average young man than of one of their number.

V. C.

A Bookman's Gossip

The Clash of Metaphors

In the feverish election through which we have nearly passed it has seemed to me that the good old English practice of mixing metaphors has been, if anything, stronger than ever. One splendid Radical told his audience that the Home Rule red-herring would not hold water. A robust Unionist informed his friends that a certain clause of the Education Act "was the marrow of the Act: it was founded on a granite foundation, and spoke in a voice not to be drowned by sectarian glamour." There were several other examples: but not one of them approached the rich simplicity of the mixed metaphor—which was also a bull—perpetrated by my favourite Radical paper at the time of Mr. Chamberlain's first great announcement of his conversion to Tariff Reform. "He wants," said this paper, "to break down the open door." Taking this magnificent remark as a text, I remember, "Mr. *Punch*" dropped into poetry. He declared, among other things: "We'll nail our platform to the mast, and seal it with our blood." And a brisk shower of lines, constructed on the same principle, ended with the following fine invective against Mr. Chamberlain :—

> Crushing weight his record stains,
> His buttress'd name shall fade,
> We launched a bait to bind in chains
> The life-blood of our trade!

A Literary M.P.: Mr. Hilaire Belloc (Salford, South)

Who has written every kind of book, and never the same kind twice. He is an authority on "Beasts" for bad children, and should secure much fresh material at St. Stephens

A Forgotten Expert

We have never had, however, in our times, so perfect a master of the mixed metaphor as Lord Castlereagh, ancestor and founder of the title of our own Lord Londonderry. He was the statesman who made the Union of Ireland and Great Britain: he also made, as is not so well remembered, the most astonishing mess of the flowers of oratory of which he was fond. "We now embark," he would say, "upon that feature of this great legislative remedy upon which the whole point hinges," which invited Tom Moore to write:

> If I may use your lordship's tropes—
> "The level of obedience slopes
> Upward or downward, as the stream
> Of hydra faction kicks the beam."

Books About Women

Books about historic women have been a notable feature of recent publishing, and the phase has still plenty of life in it. The final word on Mrs. Fitzherbert and George the Fourth, a polysyllable in two fat volumes, had a success a little while ago which its author, the late Mr. Wilkins, only just lived to taste. I recall on the spur of the moment Major Hume's book on the wives of Henry the Eighth, Miss Edith Sichel's most admirable study of Catharine de Medici, and others, and now we are promised a Marie Antoinette book by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, which Messrs Methuen will issue. Mr. Belloc has been working on this for a considerable time, and I am given to understand that the career of *l'autrichienne* is treated as a typical result of the dynastic theories of the eighteenth century, and her fate as symbolic of the effect of the Revolution on those theories. What I know without being told is that it will be a good book, whether it is right or wrong, just or unjust.

"A Man So Various"

But what of that study of Saint-Just which I remember that Mr. Belloc, about two years ago, was going to write? Perhaps it comes afterwards. For any work on that period he is singularly well equipped. His "Danton" was "crowned" as the biography of the year by *The Academy* in 1899 His "Robespierre" was almost as good. He has been the first to cut the pages, at the British Museum, of whole files of the "Révolution Française," the periodical that all students of that period must diligently read. He has served in the French army, and is a cousin (I am assured) of M. Paul Déroulède. His "first" in the History School at Oxford was probably the least dull ever taken. It was said of him in a rather stupid book of verses lately published that :—

> He seems to think nobody minds
> His books being all of different kinds.

They are certainly a motley bunch. A book about a walk from Toul to Rome; a book of English topography; a unique novel, "Mr. Burden"; a book of criticism upon the poets of the French Renaissance; two funny little books on Dons and Literary Journalism respectively; a book on Paris; two important books of biography (named above); and four fine books of what is called nonsense, for lack of a good word. When I saw him once, he was threatening to write a book of political economy. As member for South Salford, which has just elected him to the House of Commons, he will brighten the old place up.

E C B

The Famous Royal Gardens at Caserta, Italy

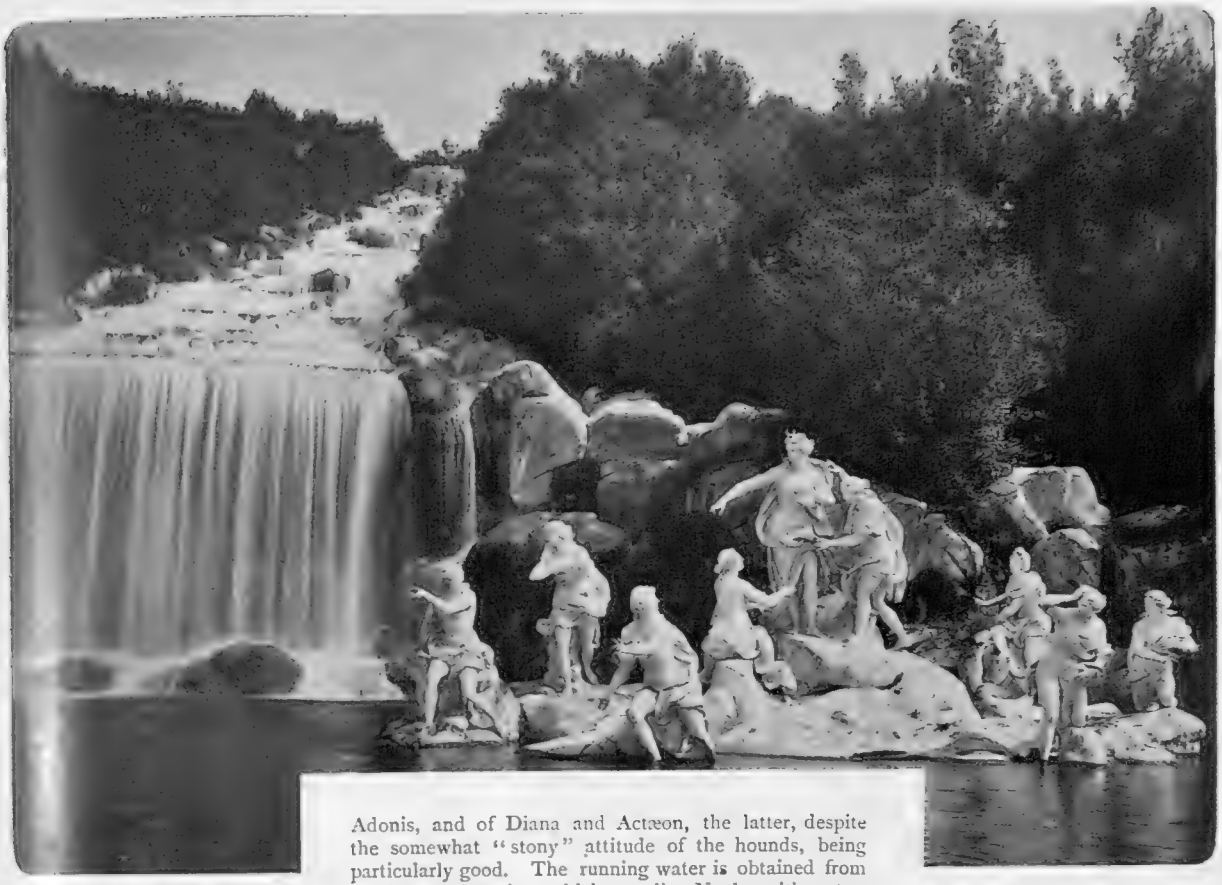
The "Cascade of the Winds" in the Royal Gardens at Caserta

ONE of the most remarkable palaces in Europe, and reputed to be one of the finest, is that of Caserta, Italy, which the modern traveller visits for the sake of its magnificent gardens. Our illustrations give some idea of the sculptural wonders of this eighteenth-century garden, with its fountains and artificial waterfalls and cascades, decorated profusely with life-size statuary. What a wonderful contrast these present when compared with present-day simplicity in the laying out of gardens. The scenes represented by the groups are all mythological, and include, as will be seen, the story of Venus and

An artificial "tumbling bay" at Caserta, adorned with statuary representing Venus and Adonis

Near by is seen the boar which caused the death of the beautiful youth beloved of Venus and Proserpina

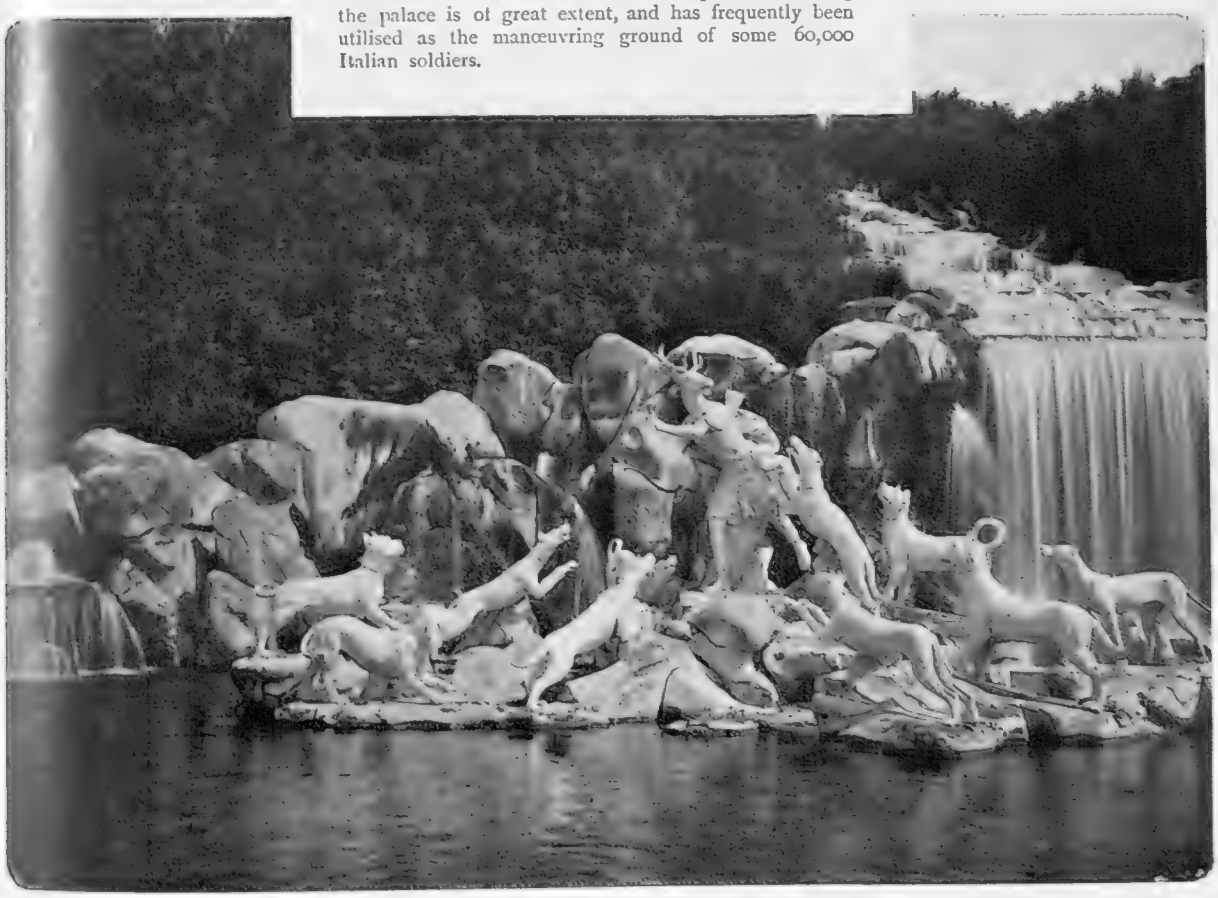
Sculptural Wonders in Caserta Gardens



Gardens, Caserta, with group representing Diana and nymphs

Adonis, and of Diana and Actæon, the latter, despite the somewhat "stony" attitude of the hounds, being particularly good. The running water is obtained from the famous Aqueduct which supplies Naples with water, and passes through Caserta on its journey of over twenty-one miles from Monte Taburno. The park surrounding the palace is of great extent, and has frequently been utilised as the manœuvring ground of some 60,000 Italian soldiers.

retty waterfall of artificial truction in the Royal



A group representing the changing of Actæon by Diana into a stag

The two groups of statuary seen on this page are placed one on each side of the cascade seen in both illustration

A Character Study

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

He looked at her gloomily. It was absurd, of course to have fallen in love in three days, but if a girl with violet eyes will wear things that exactly match them . . . . He had succumbed with great thoroughness, and would have been happy but for the thought of the Hated Rival. The Hated Rival had known her so much longer, and was such an alarmingly decent fellow, and the violet eyes so obviously looked on him with approval. He longed to put a spoke in the Hated Rival's wheel, while he made his own go round in the sight of the violet eyes

She was playing with a sheet of paper, and by the way she fingered it he divined that it came from the Hated Rival.

Suddenly she looked up, and spoke with a shade of embarrassment.

"Do you believe," she inquired, "in graphology?"

He glanced at the sheet of paper. Here was his spoke ready to hand!

"Very much so," he replied. "I believe handwriting is a sure index to character. In fact," he added untruthfully, "I've made rather a study of the subject myself."

"Oh, have you?" She twirled the paper, and he waited.

"I wonder——" She hesitated. "Tell me this writer's character, please," she demanded finally, and laughed with a little constraint. "And—and is it necessary for you to know his—her—I mean their sex?"

"And women are supposed to be such good actresses," he thought, contemptuously. "It is impossible," he explained aloud, airily, "for anyone who has really studied the subject to make a mistake as to the sex of the writer."

He smiled at her, and her eye-lids flickered.

"So you know?" she faltered.

"I know," he agreed, gravely.

"Well—go on," she said, drumming her fingers on the table.

He let his eyes rest on the paper before him—

> Yet I will but say what mere friends say,
> Or only a thought stronger;
> I will hold your hand, but as long as all may,
> Or so very little longer!

He raged inwardly. "What cool cheek! I didn't know it had got as far as this. It'll be *very* little longer before I've done with him." Then he smiled sadly at the girl, shaking his head.

"Well?" she said, half defiant, half abashed.

He handed the paper back to her.

"Forgive me," he said; "I would rather not."

She grew crimson. "Oh, but how absurd!" she said. "You *must*. I want to know."

He remained immovable. "I cannot give you pain," he said gently, "and I cannot read a character falsely."

She was silent for a minute. "Believe me," she said at last with an effort, "the knowledge you are withholding would be of the greatest possible value to me, even if—if for the moment it should give me pain."

He succeeded in combining an inward rejoicing with a sorrowful exterior. "In that case," he said, "I have no more to say," and once more the paper changed hands.

"In the first place," he observed slowly, "the writer has a very imperfect sense of honour, and would not hesitate to deceive or lie." ("That ought to stop the hand-holding altogether," he reflected.)

The girl made a startled movement. "Oh," she said.

"I also notice," he went on, "a decided tendency to boasting, much fickleness, very indifferent mental endowments——"

"Do you mean," interrupted the girl bitterly, "that the writer's a fool?"

Newly Elected Member's Wife: "I hope, Mrs. Spriggs, your husband helped our side to victory"

Mrs. Spriggs: "Well, there, mum, the case were remarkable as you'd never think. No sooner 'ad my man made up 'is mind to vote for yer 'usband, when up they comes and takes 'im off to the asylum"

(All rights strictly reserved)

("*That's* got her," he decided.) "Not at all," he said blandly, "but merely that the brain seems to be unfitted for the higher branches of the intellectual——"

"Thank you," she interrupted again; "that's what I mean by a fool."

"I should also say," he continued, "that the writer is to a marked degree averse to exertion——"

"Lazy," paraphrased the girl contemptuously.

"Since you insist," he said, with a deprecating smile, "upon spades being called spades — well, yes; lazy."

"Anything else?" she inquired.

The graphologist sighed, nodding his head sorrowfully.

"A tendency to cruelty, I'm afraid; a good deal of secretiveness and avarice, and little love for children or animals."

"Thank you," said the girl, in a low voice. He looked up with an affectation of profound concern.

"I see," he said, "that I was wrong to tell you, after all. Had I realised that he was your friend——"

"*What?*" she cried.

"Is he not your friend?" he inquired, innocently. She looked bewildered. "He? Why, I thought you said you could always tell the sex from the writing."

He thought she was trying to throw dust in his eyes.

"Ah," he said playfully, "you cannot deceive me." She frowned impatiently. "But you said 'he,'" she persisted, "and it isn't a he; it's a woman."

"Impossible," he declared firmly.

"But I tell you it is! In fact—it's me." She wrote her name on the paper in proof of her statement. His eyes dropped before hers, and he was speechless. Hers began to twinkle.

"Tell me," she said coaxingly, "if you'd known it was a woman, would the character have been different?"

He seized the straw eagerly. "Of course!" he cried, "don't you see? For instance, secretiveness in a man is merely—er—proper reserve in a woman, avarice may be easily confounded with justifiable economy, and—and the mental capacity of a woman must be judged by a different standard——"

"I say, I say, where are you getting to?" demanded a cheerful voice from the doorway. It was the Hated Rival. The graphologist turned on him savagely. "I do not recognise your right to interfere," he said.

The Hated Rival looked reproachfully at the girl. "Haven't you told him?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Told him what?" demanded the graphologist.

But the Hated Rival was talking to the girl. "Dear," he whispered, "can you remember whether you remembered to kiss me last night?"

They both laughed softly.

"Told him what?" reiterated the graphologist, feebly.

The Hated Rival turned his head. "You're dense," he said, shortly; "go away, and don't bother."

But the graphologist seemed dazed.

"Can't you see," urged the girl, with a little ripple of laughter, "that we're—engaged?"

And then the graphologist went.

Our Girls' Hockey Match: A sketch at half-time

DRAWN BY W. A. BOWRING

Golf Notes and Notions

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO BY GOLF

Or like stout Cortez when, with eagle eyes,
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

No incident in golfing history has appealed to my imagination with greater force than the visit to Mexico of four of our greatest golfers, in the persons of Andrew Kirkaldy, Alec Herd, Jack White, and Rowland Jones. Nothing, however, connected with the spread of golf ought to astonish us. The United States having been subjugated, it is but natural that Mexico should be the next great territory to come under the sway of the conquering legionaries of golf. We are indeed carrying out with a vengeance the famous saying of George Canning, in "bringing in the New World to redress the balance of the Old." Some fruits of our zeal in this direction we witnessed two years ago, when our balance was, to say the least of it, considerably disturbed by the doings of Mr. Travis. Presently, we shall have to meet not only the rivalry of our cousins, but of the Mexicans as well. From Mexico, doubtless, the game will spread through Central America, and will go flooding through South America. In the latter case, I can conceive many of the golf courses being used as convenient spots for the rival factions for fighting out their battles in the frequent revolutions which vary the monotony of life in that quarter of the globe. But let us come back to Mexico, and to our adventurous quartette, who, by the time this article sees the light, will have reached their goal. I had better confess at once my crass ignorance of the fact that golf had penetrated to the land of the Aztecs, and I am not quite clear as to the particular point in Mexico where the links are situated which form the arena on which the Mexican Championship is to be fought out. So far as I can gather, there exists a wealthy country club in Mexico which has added to its other delights the luxury of a golf course. These country clubs were just coming into existence when I was in the United States some twenty years ago.

MEWSINGS

American Country Clubs

Perhaps the best known of them is the one near New York, Tuxedo by name. Most of these country clubs, since the rise and spread of golf in America, have made golf courses on their estates, and have thus helped to foster the love of the game. They are the Ranelagh and Hurlingham Clubs of the New World, and no doubt this particular club in Mexico has been fashioned after the American model. Just conceive the enterprise of this club in planning the Mexican Golf Championship, and in not only inviting some of the most prominent American professionals, such as Willie Anderson, to take part in the tournament, but in commissioning Bernard Nicholls, a well-known American player, to come over here and select four doughty champions to represent the United Kingdom. Some of those first invited, such as Harry Vardon, Braid, and Taylor, were unable to accept the tempting invitation; but I do not think we need have any fear of our flag being otherwise than valiantly upheld by the quartette who sailed a few weeks ago. When one thinks of Mexico, the mind naturally calls up an image of that stout-hearted "Conquistador" Cortes. From Cortes to Andrew Kirkaldy is a far cry indeed. The linking of the two names has a quaint and picturesque effect. What would have been the thoughts of Cortes, standing silent on a "peak in Darien," if he could have projected his mind into the far future, and seen the country which he was to restore to civilisation given over to another, but more peaceful, conquest?

Andrew on Mexico

I would give a great deal to be in the company of that quartette of invaders, and hear the comments which our shrewd-witted old Andrew will infallibly make on the manners and customs of the new land which he is now visiting. What a delightful trip they will have, from the moment when they boarded the noble ship *Carmania* until, after a luxurious run on the palatial American cars through the whole length of the United States from New York, they arrive at their Mexican destination. It seems to me that the fraternity of nations is going to be achieved, not by meetings of peace delegates at the Hague, but by pioneers in the various departments of sport, such as our gallant four golf Conquistadores. The comradeship fostered by a common love of the same games and sports is one of the strongest possible bonds between nations differing widely in their habits, traditions, and customs, and the peaceful conquest of the world by golf, which goes on apace year by year, is doing its ample share in bringing about the brotherhood of man all over the globe. I am particularly glad that Jack White forms one of the quartette, and I trust that they will insist on Andrew Kirkaldy being the historian of the party, and giving to the world, in his own racy language, a true account of all their doings in the country ruled by the great President Diaz.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

DEFINED AT LAST!

"Mamma, what is a grass widow?"
"A grass widow, dear——is a lady whose husband plays golf"

DRAWN BY HOWARD SOMERVILLE

Bridge: BY PROBLEMATICUS

THE PRIZEWINNERS OF OUR SEVENTH COMPETITION ARE GIVEN BELOW

Some competitors in this Eight Weeks' Competition have failed to look at the Problems with sufficient care, with the result that they have sent in declarations on hands held by Dummy as if they were held by the Dealer. To say nothing of the incorrectness of writing about Dummy's leaving the declaration, it often makes the greatest difference to a declaration, especially a no-trump declaration, whether the hand is to be exposed or held up; and the solutions sent in, even by some of the most skilful competitors who have made this mistake, read exceedingly inept.

A Questionable Rule

I am beginning to doubt the fairness and expediency of the rule by which a player loses his deal, if the player dealing out of turn has dealt the last card before any question of his right to deal has been raised. I am growing more and more strongly convinced that this is too early for the deal to stand good, that it ought to be open to the player whose deal has been taken to claim it, at any rate, up to the making of the declaration. It is fair enough that a player should be penalised for a slip in play; but so heavy a penalty for a slip out of the actual play as the loss of one's deal is unfair; and I never come across a good player who does not admit that it is unfair. What happens is that some interesting and knotty point of play in the last hand is being discussed, and in the throes of the discussion the cards are cut and dealt. The moment the cards are dealt, the players' minds leave the knotty point and concentrate on the new hand; then is the natural time for the mistake to be discovered; and it ought to be lawful to rectify it then. Of course, it is possible to have too much of these discussions; but not infrequently among good players, they are interesting and valuable, and there is no good reason for discouraging them with this Draconic severity.

Seventh Weekly Competition

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS

The 1st PRIZE, Two Guineas, has been awarded to:

Miss M. E. Jenkins, Westville, Linden Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

The 2nd and 3rd PRIZES, BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, have been awarded to:

H. H. Norsworthy, Esq., 17, Richmond Road, Swansea.
Miss Ruth Pearce, East Lydford, Somerton, Somerset.

EIGHT WEEKS' COMPETITION. — The following are the marks gained by competitors for their solutions of Problems XIX., XX., XXI., in our Eight Weeks' Competition:—

15, Eveline, Norlands; 14, Diddie, Didums, Engineer II.; 13, Arzt, Gazeka I., Horatio, Summer; 12, Ap Twn, Auch, Bridge of Sighs, Brown Cat, Fantôme, Gollywog. Jan I., Jock, Long Compton, Luppy, Peter, Ranipet, Tom Tit; 11, Bunch, Corin, Fen, Inu, Notloup, P.M.S.; 10, Addie, Alexander, Ballhae, Blind Bat, Captain Cuttle, Edgbaston, Jacko, J.G.M., Owing, Snoodles, Stine, Watadam, White Cat, Willimoteswick, Woffle; 9, Blue. Bulbs, Cherub, Da, Hockey I., Imp, Longbridge, L.S.D., Primrose, Query, Wantacas; 8, Belladonna, Casey, Chalet, Chieftain, Darkie, Dogger, Eileen, Erin, Garrison, Hills, James, Jan II., Joker, Kirkland, Motorette, Otis, Pelican, Solon, Special Scotch, Troddles, Turquoise Ubique; 7, Aga, Chlorodyne, Dew, Fluffy, John Cotton, Mugwump, Percy, Plum, Somerset; 6, Chicane, Chippie, Crackpot, Cumtux, Eblow, Isosceles, Moth, Pons, Quill, R.C.H., Trixrl; 5, Austral, Binkie, Bydand, Caermol, Ganmain, Numeral; 4, Beetle, Trixie; 3, Bidian, Black Diamond, Bunnie, Dunsmore, Kenneth, Lalla, Pernox, Sunshine, Temple, Tommy, Tropicus I., Tropicus II.

SOLUTIONS

PROBLEM XIX.—Hearts. Were it the beginning of a rubber you might declare no-trumps or spades, according to your bold or timorous habit of mind. But with the score as it is, no-trumps would be risky, since your opponents might easily go out, and spades afford your opponents too much leisure, at least two deals, in which to win the rubber. Hearts is the happy mean; there is little danger of your coming to great grief in hearts, and you may make a good score in them.

PROBLEM XX.—Spades. It is a somewhat tempting no-trump call; but unfortunately your weakness is in red suits, and you know that your partner is not strong enough at any rate to call in red suits. Spades is a very safe call; your opponents are unlikely to double, and if they do, the hand should hold its own. The probability is that they will deal still needing 14 to make the game.

PROBLEM XXI.—Spades. This again is a tempting no-trump call at the score; but the hand is only the difference between a knave and a ten above the average hand, and since your opponents are 12 to your 20, it is better to take the safer course and declare spades.

POLO NOTES

It was stated last year, upon the authority of the United States Polo Association, that an American team would cross the Atlantic this season to make another attempt to recover the America Polo Cup, which has remained in the possession of England ever since it was brought over from the States by Mr. John Watson's team twenty years ago; but the proposed trip unfortunately appears to have fallen through. The last visit of a representative American team to these shores was in 1902; and the series of International matches then played aroused the greatest interest in polo circles. There was also a contest for the Cup in 1900, but the challengers on that occasion were hardly a representative team, although Mr. Foxhall Keene, probably the best player in America, was among them.

One of the features of the coming polo season will be the visit to London of a representative Irish polo team to oppose England in the annual match for the International Cup, which is played alternately at Dublin and Hurlingham. The four players who are coming over—Major C. K. O'Hara, and Messrs. S. A. Watt, A. Rotherham, and P. O'Reilly—gained Ireland the holdership of the trophy last year, beating a team composed of Messrs. A. Rawlinson, F. M. Freake, P. W. Nickalls, and Major Neil Haig, who are all brilliant exponents of the game. Prior to this, playing as an Irish Counties P.C. Union team, they had gained a notable victory in the All-Ireland Open Cup tournament at Dublin, in which four strong English teams competed. The International Cup was presented in Coronation year, and the inaugural contest and also the 1904 match were both won by England.

L. V. L. S.

Miss C. Ewell (*Countess of Cardiff*) | Mr. Welton Dale (*William*) | Mr. E. Holman Clarke (*Earl of Cardiff*) | Miss Fanny Wise (*Anastasia Mandeville*) | Mr. A. T. Jetney (*Washington Mandeville*)

ANASTASIA: "Who are these people?"
WASHINGTON: "It's the American clown and his wife"

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Mr. Charles Hawtrey (*Arthur Kingsbury*) | Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox (*Le Petit Fouchard*) | Mr. Wilfred Draycott (*Hugh Knowsley*) | Miss Fanny Brough (*Lady Helena Kingsbury*)

FOUCHARD: "You still want to take my house?"
KINGSBURY: "Do I still want to take your house? Do I *ever* change my mind?"

SCENES FROM "THE INDECISION OF MR. KINGSBURY," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

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Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Not being, as a woman, very much concerned in the elections, it is with very great interest I have been reading and hearing of the new scheme respecting the Industrial Scholarships which are to be awarded with a view to admitting girls of the middle classes to an improved training in dressmaking. Hitherto, there has been no road to success save through the channel of the ordinary workroom, and such is the routine there, save in a few rare instances—the case of an especially gifted individual—the chances have been against any appreciable position ever being attained. These workrooms, moreover, are no places for girls brought up with any sort of home refinement. In fact, as the supply of workers stand at present, it is admittedly well below the demand that exists for candidates that are not only practically grounded, but are, furthermore, versed in the highest branches, and possess, at the same time, a certain creative ability.

A really good living wage awaits the girl genius in this quarter, and it is an effort that directly carries the dressmaking campaign away from the poorer classes, who are proverbially groove workers, and indifferent at that, and into one whence recruits of some refinement and educated intelligence are forthcoming. If this scheme turns out as it promises, and duly develops, Paris may look to the holding of an untenable position. Even as a ratepayer, woefully overtaxed as it is, I, for one, am prepared to accord this move my heartiest appreciation. For I know, out of a wide experience, how many girls there are at present endeavouring to earn a living as inadequate governesses, nurses, singers, actresses, etc., who would, given they possessed the divine spark, make double the salaries as modistes. Incidentally, also, the ranks mercifully may be thinned of the hopelessly inexperienced lady dressmaker, who, after victimising all her friends, invariably ends in the Bankruptcy Court, from sheer lack of business training.

Regarding dress, as I do, from the point of view of an Art, the very sincere interest I take in this able attempt to lift it to the right plane in this country must be my excuse for such a long dissertation.

Millinery of the moment

(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)

When in Doubt

It is a dreadfully dull moment, this one between the sales and the advent of the early spring modes. But when in doubt one can always buy a new hat. Indeed, millinery is the safest thing to go for. A fascinating item in the connection is wood brown—or sometimes the shade is more that of a nutmeg—tulle. Some charming little toques are entirely composed of this fabric; hats again are fashioned of a brim of straw, in some contrasting colour, while the crown is wholly of the tulle. Apropos of nothing at all, this brown ephemerality creates more than two thirds of the *cache-peignes*. In a word, it is ubiquitous. Every possible effort is being made to bring in larger, flatter, and altogether more picturesque hats. There is one of bizarre mushroom shape that the ultra *élégante* of Paris is affecting, a really astonishing adoption, by force of contrast with the small *bergère* models. Although little less marvellous are the large drapéd velvet turban toques, wound round with tulle or chiffon, and ropes of pearls, and a *panache* of ostrich plumes waving at one side. But these are eccentricities, whereas, for general practical information, the truth suffices that we are working back to larger shapes and flatter crowns, and the turban.

A *ruche* is a millinery delight that never fails, and it is again in evidence, together with a similar effect attained through the medium of the floral wreaths, augmented by some handsome aigrette at one side, set very erect. The smart supplementary value of a *coq's* feather mount is illustrated, in the lower example, in a harmony of iridescent greens and greys on a pale grey felt shape.

Expressive of a quite particular *cachet*, is that small white felt, tied about with a twisted mauve velvet and pale green ribbon, and clustered at the right side with giant mauve silk violets, tipped with velvet.

A Lovely Empire Evening Creation

Palest of pale yellow chiffon velvet is allied here with hand-embroidered net, relieved with ermine, and a daring little vest of black taffeta worked with jet and ornamented with jet and strass buttons

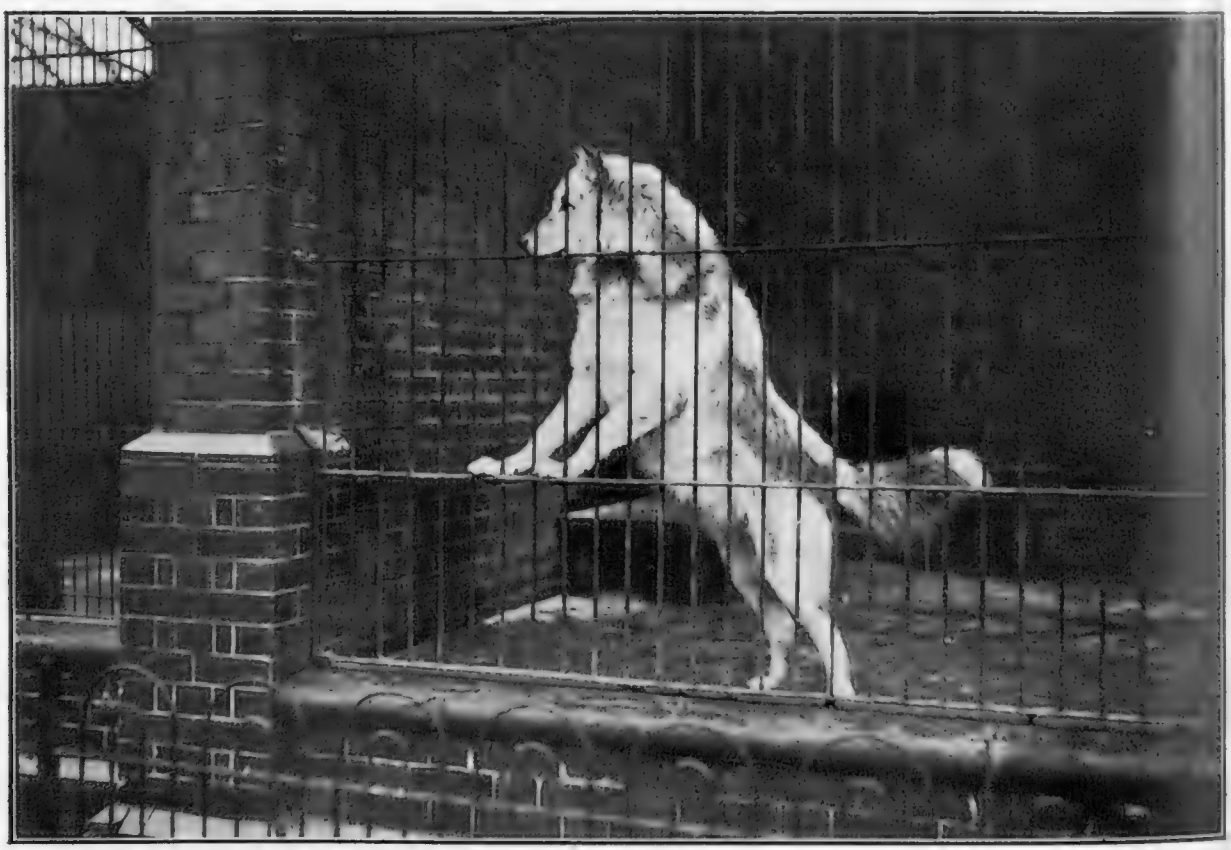
(*Drawn by K. Pleydell Young*)

Mr. Birrell's Latest Essays

If Mr. Augustine Birrell's occupancy of a Ministerial office is to make any difference to his literary activity it will bring disappointment to many. Of essayists we have plenty and to spare, but of writers of literary *causerie* only two whose work is worth putting between cloth covers and labelling "literature." One of these is Mr. Birrell; the other is a well-known Scot, whose name, as a witty writer of verses once discovered, rhymes with "slang." No doubt the discerning among our readers, given this clue, can satisfy themselves upon his identity. "We live in vocal times, when small birds make melody on every bough." So says Mr. Birrell in his new volume of essays, "In the Name of the Bodleian" (Elliot Stock: 5*s.* net). So true an aphorism, so pithily put, would have sufficed many another writer of smaller calibre as the necessary "sparkle" for a dozen pages of more or less straightforward, honest criticism. Mr. Birrell has, however, always been prodigal in this respect, and his new collection worthily follows the famous "Obiter Dicta."

In one short essay in the present volume—"Hannah More Once More"—he offers the most humorous apology we remember reading, to the lady whose work he "birrelled" some ten years ago in his little volume on "Men, Women, and Books." It seems that our *causeur* about that time purchased the works of the author whom Walpole called "Holy Hannah!" and of whom Coleridge said, "she is indisputably the first literary female I ever met with." Eight shillings and sixpence was the price paid for "the nineteen volumes, neatly bound and lettered on the back." The effect of their perusal may be judged from Mr. Birrell's reversal of the opinions of her two famous contemporaries, in the following outburst: "I freely admit that the celebrated Hannah More is one of the most detestable writers that ever held a pen. She flounders like a huge conger-eel in an ocean of dingy morality." Having thus given vent to his feelings, Mr. Birrell buried the whole nineteen volumes in the garden, little thinking that they or their memories would return after many days. That they have done so is matter for congratulation for the reader of "In the Name of the Bodleian." But the apology for rudeness is simply to the shade of "Holy Hannah!" "As for the books," he says, "I shall leave them where they are—buried in a cliff facing due north, with nothing between them and the Pole but leagues upon leagues of wind-swept ocean." And so would most of us.

Every essay in this book, save the first, which seems to have been written from a sense of duty to extol the name and fame of the great Bodley, and the last, which has no business in the book at all, will give pleasure; yet, on closing, one feels that these essays (with the exception of a few) are not so good as their predecessors. Perhaps this is because, as Mr. Birrell reminded us ten years ago, "as one grows older, one grows sterner—with others"; and while literature has suffered, Mr. Birrell has reaped the benefit—by getting into the Cabinet. G. F. J.



The Sociable Wolf at the Zoo

Who shares his cell with a collie dog, with whom he enjoys a beautiful friendship. The two have been friends from youth up, the wolf having been reared as a cub by the dog's mother, a foster-relationship thus binding the two

"!!" said the student;

"It's best to be prudent

"I said

"Bovril"

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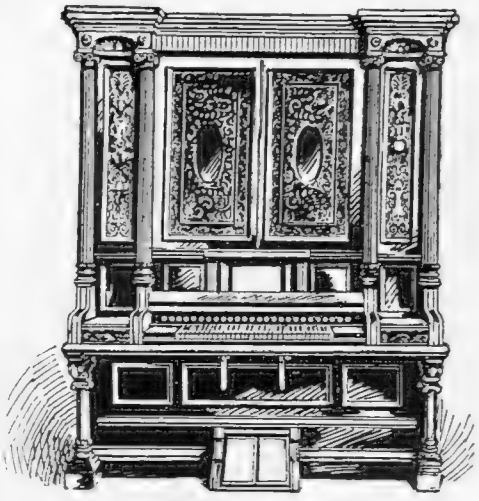

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A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

According to a contemporary, "Flirtation, as it was understood not so very long since, has apparently become obsolete. Obscure corners of conservatories, dimly lighted recesses of picture galleries and billiard-rooms and libraries, are no longer eagerly sought for, and 'sitting out' is not done in couples, but *en masse*." The inference is, that the gentle art has either died out altogether or is in abeyance until the fashion comes round again, and we once more court our predecessors' manners and wear their hats. But is this a fact? I doubt it. Human nature remains the same, and flirtation is of the essence of things. Every woman is born a flirt. There is reason why she may sometimes choose to hold her natural tendency in check—perhaps she is not gifted with graceful expression—and every sensible girl knows that if you can't do a thing well, it is better not to do it at all. Then, again, some young persons are, unfortunately, so *over* enthusiastic in the accomplishment, so conscious of their own charms, so eager to press them to the utmost limit, that they are not ready to stop at the merely artistic, but would make flirtation a serious business of life. And these, too, we may hope, if they do not know where to draw back, will find it necessary, in the interests of the feelings of too susceptible man, to refrain from such pastime altogether. Flirtation is well enough as a game—rather a pretty game when the players are sure of their ground; but when it is played on the feminine side with such concealment of tactics that the puzzled partner (being, as men are, of simpler, more downright, disposition) takes it in earnest, we may wish that the pastime, at least in such women, *had* become obsolete.

As to the empty corners, I don't for a moment believe in them; if you go to a dance, be sure that, look about as you may, you won't find many. But there is really less of a rush for hidden nooks, fewer mysterious meetings, secrets, and vague understandings, simply because girls have more freedom. When it was necessary to find mamma dozing before any fun could begin, some stratagem was naturally called into play; but now mamma is openly thrust aside to make room for the vagaries of the younger generation, no such eagerness is displayed. There is plenty of time to sit out *en masse*, and find the hidden recesses as well; ample leisure to form a ladies' hockey team, and join some other sport with men. Girls do not want to flirt all day long; they only want a little fun. They did not have *more* fun before; but there was the entertainment itself, and the time expended trying to get it. Now they may flirt all day long if they please, and no one—least of all mamma—cares.

Girls thought they had a hard time under the supposed guidance of elders; but it was the chaperons who suffered most severely. I wouldn't be a chaperon for anything. You are always blamed by somebody; impossible contradictions are expected of you; elderly persons criticise your laxity; young ones your vigilance. You are supposed to sit—lonely, sleepy, and, very likely, cold—with eyes shut while your charges enjoy themselves, and very wide open if there is a lack of partners. Probably you get no supper and no congenial companionship, are frowned upon if you occupy the attention of a single man for ten minutes, and despised if you dance. You are at the mercy of the young folks as regards "ordering the carriage," even should they elect to stay till five o'clock in the morning, and are expected next day to get up early because your daughters are tired with dancing and require breakfast-trays carried upstairs. When they *do* appear, you will have to put up with much snappiness; for, at worst, something has gone wrong with their "affairs of the heart," or, at best, they "feel flat." The sorrows of a chaperon would fill a volume, yet she never gets a word of thanks. Decidedly, she is best at home. LADY PHYLLIS.

THE MENU

Vegetable Cookery—Some Suggestions

Chicory à la Crême

Boil the chicory for half an hour in salted water, then take it out, chop into pieces, put into a stewpan, with 3 oz. of butter, a dessertspoonful of flour, seasoning of pepper and salt, and a gill of rich brown gravy. Stir this well, and when nearly done, add a spoonful of cream. Serve piled high in the centre of a dish and garnish with fried croûtons.

Cauliflower au Gratin

Take a nice white and close cauliflower, put it head downwards in a saucepan with plenty of fast boiling water, and let it boil till tender. When it is done, take it up and drain it on a sieve, then place it on the dish it is to be served in, and pour a sauce over it made of 2 oz. of grated Parmesan cheese, ½ oz. of butter, 1 oz. of flour, a quarter of a pint of cold water, a tablespoonful of cream, and a pinch of cayenne pepper. The cream should not be put in till the sauce is well boiled, thick, and smooth, and the cheese should be stirred in last. Sprinkle some grated cheese on the top and brown it with a salamander.

Stuffed Tomatoes

Dip as many tomatoes as required into boiling water for a minute; make a hole near the stalk, scoop out the centre of the tomato with an egg-spoon, and place them on a buttered sheet of paper in a baking tin. Make a stuffing of two teaspoonfuls of parsley, 2 oz. butter, 2 oz. breadcrumbs, one teaspoon of onion, the yolks of two eggs, salt, pepper, nutmeg. Take a piece out of each tomato, using it with the other ingredients, which have been chopped and mixed with the eggs. Fill up the tomatoes, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and bake for twenty minutes. À la creole, they should be stuffed with shredded celery, beetroot, and hard-boiled eggs, and served on lettuce or endive, with tartare sauce. This makes an excellent salad.

Jerusalem Artichokes à l'Italienne

Wash and peel the artichokes, shaping them like pears of uniform size. Put 2 oz. of butter in a stewpan, and when it has melted arrange the artichokes in circles. Strew over some pepper, salt, and lemon-juice; pour a quarter of a pint of good gravy over them, put the lid on, and simmer for half an hour, basting them occasionally. They should colour a deep yellow. Serve them with a thick cream sauce poured over them.

Potatoes à la Milanese

Take as many potatoes as are required. Choose the largest, bake them well, then cut off the tops and scoop out the insides. Pass the potato through a sieve and add a tablespoonful of grated Parmesan cheese, pepper and salt. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a stewpan, put in the potatoes and make it hot; fill the potato cases with it, put them in the oven for a few minutes and serve very hot. EMILIA.

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WHAT MUSTARD DOES

Probably nine persons out of ten would claim that the use of Condiments in the daily dietary is merely a matter of taste, and that vinegar, Mustard, or oil, is used with one viand and not with another simply because it is palatable in the one case and not in the other. While this is true to some extent, it is equally true that Condiments are chosen to accompany those foods to the proper digestion of which they are best adapted. Vinegar, for instance, is known to soften the hard fibre of both meat and vegetables, and hence renders such foods as crab, lobster, salmon, cabbage, and walnuts less tough and more digestible.

It is necessary, of course, to eat to live, and while "hunger is the best sauce," it is often necessary that the appetite shall be artificially stimulated in order that the body may receive the necessary nourishment to perform its daily functions. This, then, is the first duty of a Condiment, to whet and sharpen the appetite. And no Condiment does this so thoroughly as good Mustard. This fact accounts in some measure for the universality of its use, by all classes and conditions of men, throughout the civilized world.

Most men are, however, governed in their choice of foods almost entirely by the question of taste—they eat what they like and call for what they fancy. Nature has wisely provided that man, in common with other animals, shall evince a desire, to a large extent at least, for those foods which are most beneficial to him. But even these are made more palatable both by the method of cooking and the auxiliary help of Condiments. Where the latter disguise or destroy the flavour of the food, the benefit is very dubious; but where, as in the case of the best Mustard, they enhance and bring out the flavour of the meat or fish, the meal becomes not only enjoyable but of decided value.

But it is only the food that is digested and assimilated that does any good. The sharpened appetite and the palatable food supply the stomach and digestive organs with the necessary ingredients to turn into blood, bone, muscle, nerve, and flesh. Some foods are much more easily digested than others; some organisms are less ready to carry out the digestive functions than others. Any Condiment that will readily assist in digestion and assimilation as well as quicken the appetite and make for palatability, may be considered a perfect Condiment.

And that is just what thoroughly good Mustard does. The stimulating effect of a Mustard plaster is well enough known. On a much smaller scale, of course, the Mustard taken as a Condiment with the food stimulates the action of the digestive organs and promotes digestion by exciting the flow of the various digestive secretions. So that those who habitually use Mustard simply because they like it, are building better than they know, and are following Nature's lead in selecting that which is best adapted for their health and nourishment.

It only remains to be said that while such meats as ham and pork are practically impossible without Mustard, and that the use of Mustard with beef is general, there is no reason whatever why Mustard should not be used as well with mutton, salt fish, cheese, and other foods. Custom alone has hitherto stood in the way, but as the merits of Mustard become better known the number of its devotees with all kinds of fish, flesh, and fowl, are becoming greater, with the result that good digestion waits on appetite and health on both.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

The Battle of Hastings

The Unionist car side-slipped badly at Manchester. Misfires, punctures, and trouble generally have followed. At the time of writing but few victories have redeemed the many disastrous defeats from which the Conservative Party have suffered, the first being that in which Mr. Harvey du Cros turned out Mr. Freeman Thomas, the late Liberal Member for Hastings. This Mr. Thomas was the Liberal Whip, and he owed his defeat to a well-organised fleet of cars. The Unionist success at this modern Battle of Hastings is a tribute to the power and efficiency of the motor-car as an electioneering weapon. Those motorists, and I believe they are many, who have refused to lend their cars to anti-motorist candidates should more than ever pursue this line of conduct. Vote like a good citizen for the cause you think best, but let your car also have a vote. In combination, motors spoke with no uncertain voice at Hastings. It is reasonable to suppose that at every future by-election, by a little organisation, quite thirty or forty motors could be placed at the disposal of a candidate who favoured sensible motor legislation. It is the duty of the Automobile Club to profit by the experience of the Battle of Hastings. By careful arrangement and co-operation, motorists should be able to concentrate a force of cars at any by-election. Every candidate will then have to express himself clearly on the speed-limit question.

Every Candidate Has Broken the Law

There are some who would urge motorists to do nothing to further their interests at election time. Support your Party and don't make yourself a nuisance by asking inconvenient questions. This view would, perhaps, be the correct one, but for just one thing. We ask for so little really—our demand is so rational and just; it is bound to be satisfied one day. But time is of importance. If police muddling and magisterial interference are to go on for several seasons more, just for want of a little wholesome agitation, surely motorists can hardly be blamed for making a stand. It is a fact that the bulk of the future Members of the House of Commons have availed themselves of the motor-car for electioneering purposes. *Everyone of them has broken the speed limit.* At election time every minute is of importance. Availing themselves of good cars, candidates have obtained as much benefit as possible from the capacity of the modern motor for covering ground. If there is one of them who has instructed his chauffeur to conform strictly to the twenty-mile speed limit, I should be glad to know his name. They have all broken the law consistently. Let us hope that when they get back to Parliament they will break this silly law for good and all and give us sensible legislation.

Chauffeur Schools

The man who wishes to keep a car encounters two difficulties. First, from the three or four hundred different kinds of cars he has to make a choice. Probably he suffers from too much advice. There is always at least one kind friend who is ready to sell him a real second-hand bargain. As a rule, amongst his acquaintances one or two have a commission

Photo] **Motors win the Battle of Hastings** [*Topical Agency*

The first of the few Unionist gains to be recorded was Hastings. Here, Mr. Harvey du Cros, helped by eighty motor-cars, beat the Liberal Whip, Mr. Freeman Thomas. In the photograph, the successful candidate has his hand on the dashboard of the car

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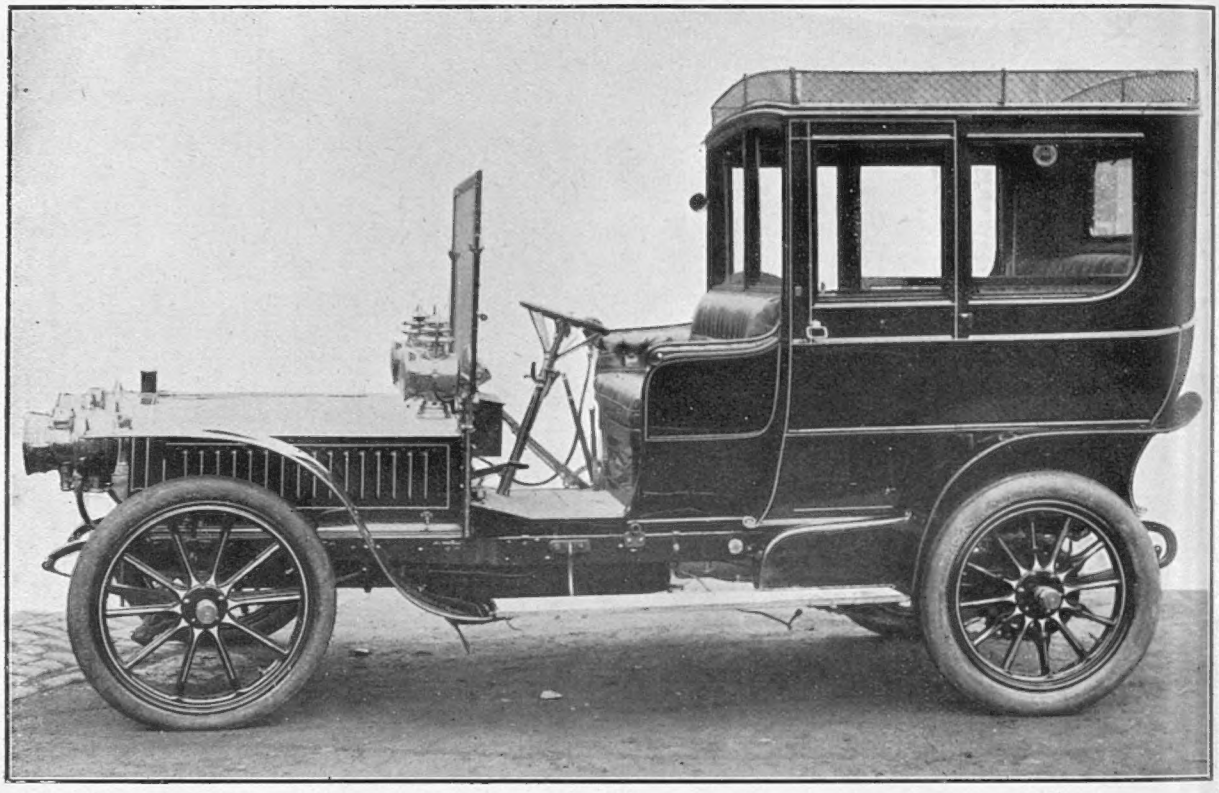
arrangement with some enterprising motor maker. But supposing him to have chosen and to have actually purchased a machine constructed to break the law, there is another trouble. He wants a chauffeur. To obtain a driver who is capable of looking after a car and keeping it in perfect running order is not easy. More than half the breakdowns and mechanical troubles on the up-to-date car result from incompetent drivers. However good a car may be, its usefulness depends to a large extent on the chauffeur's efficiency. Tyre renewals and general up-keep vary according to the capacity of the man in charge. One hears sometimes a particular type of car praised by one man and abused by another. The car is the same in both cases, but not so the chauffeur. To put a good car on the market, and at the same time to be able to supply the purchaser with an efficient driver, is an ideal which many firms would do well to aim at. The Napier Company have set a good example in this respect. An instruction department has been opened, with a result that the company are in a position to provide their customers with competent drivers—men who have a knowledge of the general construction and satisfactory maintenance of the Napier car.



The Countess of Gosford's comfortable car

This luxurious carriage has been built by Messrs. Hooper and Co., St. James's Street, and is fitted to a six-cylinder Napier chassis

Chauffeurs Must Learn to Wash

To the newer firms, at any rate, who have not yet made a name, the education of chauffeurs acquainted with their particular type of car is of importance. The offer of a good car and a reliable chauffeur would be appreciated. Such a combination would appeal to the purchasing public. It is true that there are now several firm who are willing to take a gentleman's coachman for a course of instruction. Coachmen, in many instances, make good chauffeurs. They may not be quite so clever at adjustment and running repairs, but they have other qualities which the mechanic lacks. Smart appearance they always possess, good manners too, and they can clean. The ordinary engineering hand has a very poor idea of keeping the carriage-work of a car in good condition. Generally, too, he neglects to keep the metal-work properly polished. Washing a carriage is not quite such a simple thing as it looks, and many a chauffeur forgets the importance of a smart turn-out. As motor-cars settle down to ordinary humdrum work, the chauffeur, if he is to keep his place, will have to alter. It will not be sufficient for him to be a careful driver and possess a reasonable knowledge of the car—he will have also to copy the present coachman's manners, cleanliness, and smart appearance. The car must be turned out like a brougham.

A Broad Way Leading to—Brighton

One of the first motoring schemes to come before the new Parliament will be the London and Brighton Motor Way Bill. Starting at Croydon, it is to finish at Patcham, near Brighton. The promoters ask for powers to incorporate a company to build the road, to manufacture motor-cars, to erect an electrical generating station at Waddon Mills, Croydon, and to supply electrical energy or other propelling power, to motor vehicles. Forty miles in length, the capital of the company is to be two and a quarter millions, in £10 shares. Power to borrow on mortgage a further three-quarters of a million is also asked for. ALFRED C. HUNTER.

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The Editor's Box

Literary and Artistic Gossip

In connection with the exhibition of the Staats Forbes' collection of Millet drawings, now being held at the Leicester Galleries, Mr. Heinemann announces a volume of fifty fac-simile reproductions of Millet's drawings, the edition to be limited to three hundred numbered copies, and to be published in the spring.

"Lucas Malet" has just completed her new novel, the first to be written since "Sir Richard Calmady," which was published over four years ago. It will be issued this spring by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., under the title of "The Far Horizon." By an unfortunate mistake, the publishers, in announcing this book some time since, ascribed to Lucas Malet the authorship of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," written by Maxwell Gray, who has just completed another novel, which will shortly be published by Mr. John Long with the title of "The Great Refusal."

"Mrs. Erricker's Reputation" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Thomas Cobb, which Alston Rivers will publish towards the end of the present month. The brightness and vivacity of Mr. Cobb's novels is taken for granted, but in this instance the publisher is bold enough to claim that Mr. Cobb has excelled himself. A second impression of "The Pursuit of Mr. Faviel," an amusing story by Mr. R. E. Vernède, is announced by the same firm.

It is interesting to hear that Mr. Guy Thorne, the author of "When it was Dark," is to have an answer to his theories published very shortly. It must be remembered—and the fact is too often lost sight of—that an enormous number of readers does not mean an enormous number of sympathisers. There are plenty of folk who have read the first book and by no means agree with its doctrines. Mr. John Long is about to publish "When it was *Light*," by a well-known author, the sale of whose books are reckoned in tens of thousands, and one would think that "*Audi alteram partem*" would be a good motto for the title-page. Nothing promotes so much excitement as a religious controversy. Here we are promised one which should prove very exciting indeed.

An interesting Photographic Exhibition will be held on the evening of February 5, at the Royal Photographic Society, 66, Russell Square, when Mr. Alvin Coburn, the young American impressionist photographer, will display some of his triumphs. Included in the "portfolios" are "A Procession Chiozzia," "The Caliph's Birthday," "Kew Bridge, "The Vegetable Market, Venice," and others in preparation. Visitors interested in the strange developments of modern photography would be well repaid by an inspection of Mr. Coburn's curious work.

Our Coloured Supplement

With this number is pre-ented a splendid coloured supplement, representing Miss Evie Greene, reproduced from a painting by the well-known artist, Mr. Reginald Pannett. The painting shows Miss Greene as she appears in *The Little Cherub*. The play was only produced on Saturday, January 13, and it is no mean achievement to get out a colour supplement in time for the present issue.

Garrick Theatre

Mr. Charles Frohman, who holds the English rights of Mr. Alfred Sutro's new comedy, *The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt*, which is shortly to be produced in America, shares with Mr. Sutro a strong desire that Mr. Arthur Bourchier should interpret the title-rôle when the play is produced in London. He has, therefore, invited that gentlemen to join forces with him for this occasion, with the result that Mr. Bourchier and Mr. Frohman will together present the play at the Garrick Theatre whenever a successor is required to Mr. Leo Trevor's new version of *Brother Officers*.

Palace Theatre

The clever little skit on melodrama, by Herbert Swears, entitled *Hero and Heroine*, which met with such a favourable reception when produced under the auspices of the Pioneers' Society at the Scala Theatre three weeks ago, has been secured by the Palace Theatre, and is now one of the principal items in the programme. Mr. Butt has been fortunate in having been able to obtain the services of Mr. Arthur Playfair and Miss Kate Cutler, who together, at the Scala, contributed so largely to the success of the piece. Mr. George Edwardes has courteously agreed to let Miss Kate Cutler, now appearing in the *Spring Chicken*, "double" between the Gaiety and Palace Theatres—a welcome sign of the *entente cordiale* between the playhouse and the variety house.

Midland Hotel and Theatre

The last two years have seen a great change in the social life of Manchester and the Midland Company deserves the lion's share of the praise due for this change, for, in building their magnificent hotel in the Cottonopolis, they brought to the very doors of the residents of the North the amusements and refinements which had previously only been obtainable in the Metropolis. One of the many new features in the history of hotels is the establishment of a theatre under the same roof as the hotel proper, and during this Christmas season the Company has engaged the services of Mr. H. G. Pelissier's well-known troupe, "The Follies." Residents of, and visitors to, the Metropolis are, no doubt, well acquainted with the refined humour of their performance; but this is not so in the North, however, judging by the large and appreciative audiences which nightly crowd the Midland Theatre; the Lancastrians think no less of this entertainment than do the Londoners.

Cailler's 1905 Competition

The winners of the magnificent caskets of chocolate confections in the Cailler's Swiss Milk-Chocolate Competition for 1905 are Miss F. Rogers, Rogney House, 59, Greville Road, Southville, Bristol (1st); Miss Corbett, 67, Walworth Road, London, S.E. (2nd); and Miss E. Davison, 30, Parkside, Coventry (3rd). This was an excellent competition, involving no literary skill or tedious research, but merely the collection of outside wrappers; and, in view of the great success of this competition, Messrs. Cailler have just instituted another competition, in which £10,000 is being offered in valuable costly prizes, inciuding Bank of England notes, to purchasers of Cailler's Swiss Milk-Chocolate, full particulars of which are enclosed in each packet of this delicious confection.

The Attractions of Cornwall

Mr. James C. Inglis, General Manager of the G.W.R., has issued a booklet, which is a revised and more comprehensive publication than that issued some two years' ago, calling attention to the claims of Cornwall as a winter health and pleasure resort, and embodying the train and other facilities afforded by the Great Western Railway Company. It contains much valuable information, and some beautiful views of those popular localities.

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